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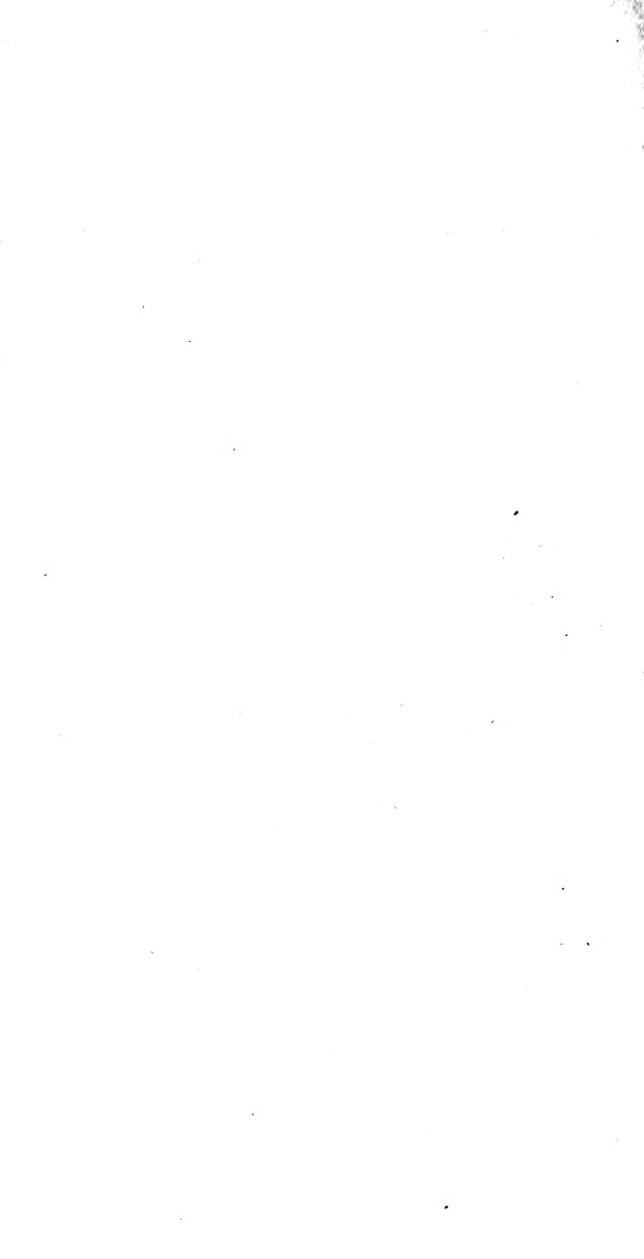
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FORTITUDE AND FRAILTY ;

A Nobel.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

INSCRIBED TO THE
REVERED MEMORY OF HER LAMENTED FATHER,

BY

FANNY HOLCROFT.

VOL. III.



London :

Printed by W. CLOWES, Northumberland-court, Strand,
FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS'-COURT,
LUDGATE-STREET.

1817.



FORTITUDE

AND

FRAILITY.



CHAPTER I.

CAMPBEL was deeply affected by the circumstance which had hastened the death of his lamented uncle. That a man who, notwithstanding his singularities, was highly virtuous of intention; whose powers of mind, though ill-directed, had undoubtedly been strong; whose health had partly fallen a sacrifice to his well-meant labors; that such a man, reduced by sickness and bodily suffering, should not only have had those sufferings increased, but his existence shortened, by the failure of the only hope that would have brought him consolation, and sustained

him in the awful hour of dissolution, was indeed a reflection that would have moved a heart less susceptible and affectionate than that of Campbel.

Mr. M'Donald had been greatly attached to the place where he had spent so many years in voluntary seclusion, and where he had intended to have ended his days, should he have escaped the perils to which his adoption of a savage state would have exposed his person among the hordes of America. In the course of his illness, he had expressed lively regret, "that, if he should die, his remains would not be interred near the spot which had been the theatre of his important researches ; where he had laboriously unfathomed sublime truths ; and where he had composed that immortal work, which was to enlighten the civilized world, and render the name of M'Donald dear to posterity.

Campbel, wishing if possible to give ease to a mind sinking under corporeal disease and its own distempered irritability, had

voluntarily promised his uncle (should that melancholy event take place) to convey his remains to Scotland ; and this promise he held sacred. His tour to Ireland was therefore relinquished ; and he wrote to explain the melancholy reasons which forced him to defer the pleasure of visiting his friend.

The property which devolved on Campbel amounted to thirty-five thousand pounds sterling, lodged in the three per cents. ; beside the cottage in which poor Mr. M'Donald had resided, and which that gentleman, as was before said, had left in trust to the curate of the village. This addition to a fortune already more than sufficient to satisfy his moderate wishes would have given no pleasure to Campbel, except as it would have enabled him to extend the sphere of his active benevolence, had it fallen to him under different circumstances ; and now only created feelings of bitter regret.

The mental anguish of Campbel, arising from a double source, was so great, that he vainly endeavored to seek relief in those

pursuits which had hitherto afforded so much delight. Imagination now pictured his unfortunate uncle convulsed in the pangs of death; now the lovely Eleonor led to the altar by the artful barrister, and pronouncing those irrevocable vows which perhaps would seal the misery of her life; and sleep, far from affording him temporary ease, only renewed those heart-afflicting images which haunted his waking thoughts.

In looking over the papers of his uncle, which he perused with melancholy respect, Campbel found additional cause to lament the death of that gentleman, and was more than ever grieved that his mind had taken so wrong a bias. Though certainly containing much absurdity and dangerous error, the fragments throughout displayed not only great erudition and strength of intellect, but an ardent zeal for what Mr. M'Donald had conceived would promote human happiness and virtue.

Campbel, before he set forward on his mournful journey, wrote a brief history of

the melancholy event which obliged him to change his route to Mr. Fairfax : he likewise wrote to prepare Mr. Rossmore (the minister of the village where poor Mr. M'Donald had lived) for his arrival ; and to inform that gentleman of the sad duties he would be called upon to perform ; as well as that it was his intention, while he remained in those parts, to inhabit the cottage lately inhabited by his deceased uncle.

CHAP. II.

The Pangs of Jealousy : a melancholy Journey.

WE will now follow Campbel on the melancholy journey he had promised to perform : the mental sufferings of the young gentleman were increased by the following trifling incident, that happened a few hours previous to his quitting London.

As Campbel was standing near the case-ment, looking with concentrated anguish at the hearse which was to convey the remains of his lamented uncle to Scotland, chance brought Hargrave and Eleonor into the street ; they were walking, arm-in-arm, on the opposite side of the way, apparently in earnest conversation. The sight of her he adored walking in confidential intimacy with his happy rival, on whom she sweetly smiled, at such a moment inflicted a pang so severe, that his frame shook, his temples beat with violence, and it was only after a hard strug-

gle he could calm the alarming agitation of his mind. Habitual fortitude, however, gained the victory: he effectually roused himself, and in a couple of hours took a melancholy farewell of London, attended by his domestic and proper mourning assistants.

The mind of Campbel, preyed upon by anxiety the most tormenting, and deep regret, was not relieved by having an object so awful in constant view, during a journey of more than five hundred miles, without one friend or sympathizing being to whom he could unbosom the excruciating feelings of his soul.

At length, after a tedious journey, Campbel reached the village where his melancholy course was to end. He put up at a mug-house, for the place did not contain an inn, and sent to inform Mr. Rossmore of his arrival. That gentleman, who to exemplary piety added amiable manners, a liberal understanding, and all the hospitality of the Highlanders, immediately returned with the

messenger, and, with friendly cordiality, pressed Archibald to accompany him to his house. The latter, however, greatly fatigued in body and mind, was in want of immediate rest; beside, he wished as soon as possible to inhabit the cottage which so many years had been the residence of his honored uncle: he therefore thankfully declined the hospitable offer of the worthy minister; promising, however, to pay his respects at the parsonage.

Mr. Rossmore was in the prime of his age, and was happy in having a wife whose amiable temper and domestic virtues made her equally respected and beloved.

On the following day Campbel paid the last duties to the remains of his honored uncle: the solemn bell was tolled, and the corpse of poor Mr. M'Donald, followed by Archibald, the mourners, and a procession of kind-hearted villagers, was consigned to the peaceful grave!

The expressive countenance of Campbel; his figure, which was naturally good, and

improved by his having grown somewhat thinner ; and the profound yet dignified sorrow which the afflicted nephew betrayed, made an impression equally strong and favorable on the spectators. Mr. Rossmore, in particular, was highly interested in his behalf, and mingled tears of sympathy with those that trickled down the cheek of Archibald.

The hospitable kindness of the worthy minister induced that gentleman to renew his invitation, and to insist on Campbel's passing a few days at the parsonage. Utter seclusion at such a moment was not calculated to sooth a mind evidently laboring under severe anguish ; and the cottage, which had been so many years inhabited by his late uncle, must inevitably increase the bitterness of regret at a time when excess of bodily fatigue might render such excitements dangerous. The friendly earnestness with which Mr. Rossmore urged his request would admit of no refusal, and Campbel accompanied him home ; where he was received by

Mrs. Rossmore with that unaffected cordiality which is calculated to put the stranger at ease. That lady, like her husband, was no less pleased with her guest than interested by his manners and countenance, and she endeavored by the most attentive kindness to relieve the visible depression of spirits under which he labored.

CHAP. III.

CAMPBEL found some relief to the anguish of his heart in conversing with his worthy host concerning his late lamented uncle. Mr. Rossmore was the only gentleman in the neighborhood with whom Mr. M'Donald had condescended to hold any intercourse.

This preference arose from the passive mildness of the minister, who had seldom attempted to argue with Mr. M'Donald, and who, when it so happened, had dissented in opinion from that gentleman with so much respect and forbearance, that the irritable self-sufficiency of the latter could not possibly take offence.

Mr. Rossmore gave Campbel as much information as an occasional intercourse had suffered him to gain, concerning the habits and eccentricities of the unfortunate Mr. M'Donald. He likewise obligingly offered Archibald a letter, which that gentleman

had written to him from London, and which I shall lay before the reader.

“ *London, 1792.*

“ As, of all civilized men that of late years have fallen under my cognizance, you are the only being whose inherent absurdities are rendered supportable by a modest diffidence of your feeble powers of perception, I tear myself from the important avocations that occupy every hour and moment of my life ; and, in compliance with your request, dedicate to you a small portion of that time which is invaluable, and which must not again be intruded on.

“ You say, ‘ you envy my temporary sojournment in a city which is allowed to be the mart of genius, good taste, and information !’ How miserably ignorant, how strangely absurd, are those systematizers, who deem themselves rich in wisdom and knowledge !

“ The little village I have quitted,

though by no means approaching that state of perfection which is only to be met with among the enlightened sons of Nature, I am persuaded could produce more natural genius, good taste, and knowledge, than the united capitals of Europe. That village scarcely contains a man, beside yourself, whose memory is burdened by the superfluous use of letters, or whose faculties, in this vitiated state of ignorance, have been doubly fettered by studying the systems of lunatics, and conforming to the rules laid down by fools.

“ Notwithstanding these disadvantages, I have occasionally discovered in you a feeble instinct of those important truths which can only be fully embraced by the mind whose powers expand beyond the narrow boundaries which the ignorance and prejudices of civilized man have set to human genius. I fear, however, that the powers of instinct will be wholly eradicated now that you have lost the only man whose deep researches and acute judgment could aid and perfectionate your dawning perceptions ; but

the work I am about to publish, if you will determine to exert the little light you have acquired in your fortunate intercourse with one who has devoted his talents and labors to the sublime study of Nature,—this work, Mr. Rossmore, will open to you a field of information, as vast as it is fertile. To *The Moral and Physical Degeneracy of civilized Man* I claim your future and serious attention; and, as a friend to the human species, I exhort you to study, communicate, and expand truths, which ought to force conviction on the most prejudiced and perverse.

“ I hope, in a few weeks, to take a long farewell of civilized barbarism; and, among the happy hordes of America, whom civilized man, with contemptible presumption, calls savage and barbarous, to extirpate the few remaining prejudices, which, in this state of ignorance, cannot wholly be eradicated. Should I escape the perils to which the miserable education of civilized man will expose my person, the invaluable benefits

which my researches must confer on mankind will more than compensate for the difficulties and dangers I shall have to encounter. Should I perish, the certainty that I have sacrificed my life in a glorious cause, and that future ages will revere the memory of Dugald M'Donald, will sweeten the bitter cup of disappointment.

“ Despising the unmeaning forms of civilized society, I shall conclude by wishing your understanding may expand to the sublimity of truth, and sign myself the zealous promoter of natural genius, and the avowed enemy of ignorant presumption !

“ DUGALD M'DONALD.”

This letter, singular as it was, excited little surprise in Campbel ; but he preserved it as an additional memento of the uncle to whom a strange concurrence of circumstances, after remaining so many years unknown to that gentleman, had so warmly attached him, and he felt truly grateful to the worthy minister for his kind attention.

Notwithstanding the friendly cordiality with which he was treated at the parsonage, and the melancholy satisfaction he took in speaking of his lamented uncle to a gentleman who sympathized in his grief as well as in the deep respect he entertained for the memory of Mr. M'Donald, Campbel made a much shorter visit than his hospitable host and hostess had hoped.

His heart, independently of the affliction which the death of a highly virtuous and honored uncle had excited, as we already have been informed, was preyed upon by hopeless love, and fears no less tender than excruciating. His fortitude, it is true, was great, but he was a person of strong feelings and exquisite sensibility ; we cannot, therefore, be surprised to find the poignancy was increased by witnessing that connubial felicity which formed so striking a contrast to the dreary blank hopeless affection seemed to present.

Archibald, resisting the friendly entreaties of the worthy minister and his lady, quitted

the parsonage, truly sensible of the kind hospitality he had experienced during his short visit, and sincerely rejoicing at the domestic happiness of its owners. He was accompanied to the cottage of poor M'Donald by Mr. Rossmore, who promised to occasionally come and cheer the solitude to which Campbel proposed, while he should remain in Scotland, to devote himself.

CHAP. IV.

WE will now inquire how Campel employed, or rather tried to employ, himself, in his voluntary seclusion. He had provided himself with books ; but they now afforded neither interest nor amusement : he attempted to write to his absent friends, but the agitation of his spirits would not suffer him to methodize his ideas. His heart was preyed upon by reflections the most tormenting, the bitterness of which was increased by objects which incessantly recalled the afflicting loss he had sustained.

Alarmed at the increasing depression of his mind, he determined, by a vigorous effort, to rouse his sluggish faculties ; and, after adopting and rejecting more than one plan, he fixed on travelling for some years, and resolved to immediately go abroad.

France, which was convulsed by revolution, and beginning to be the theatre of terrific excess, was not, for the moment, a country in which a prudent man would fix a stationary residence ; beside, the face of

public affairs made it highly probable that war would soon break out between the two countries. But having an ardent curiosity to see a nation which had excited the astonishment of all Europe, which daily produced men of extraordinary talent, and examples of heroic virtue or fearful guilt, Campbel determined to pass through Paris, and from thence proceed to Germany, which, for the frank cordiality of the natives, their national bravery, and the literary pre-eminence it daily acquired, had long been the object of his curiosity and respect. He had studied the German language, and had made himself acquainted with its best authors.

Having taken this resolution, Campbel made immediate preparations for his intended tour: he quitted Scotland, leaving the cottage to the care of Mr. Rossmore, and came directly to London: there he furnished himself with bills on respectable houses, and proceeded to Dover, attended by a foreign servant, his own not being willing to leave England.

Not daring to trust himself in the present state of his feelings to take leave of the lovely Eleonor, and fearing equally lest he should betray his weakness to the uncle of that young lady, Campbel, notwithstanding the affection and reverence he bore the honored guardian of his youth, quitted the metropolis without seeing or writing to Mr. Fairfax, or any of his friends, fully intending to atone for this omission as soon as he could bring himself to write with that calmness which philosophy and self-love equally demanded.

He felt that his silence was wrong; but where is the man who has always the wisdom to do what is right? Campbel, though gifted with a superior understanding, and possessed of elevated qualities, like other highly virtuous men, was liable to mistake. Where is the man who can truly say—"I am exempt from human weakness?" But he did not, by sophistry, seek to conceal or palliate his errors from himself: he was indignant at the facility with which he had

suffered passion imperceptibly to master his reason ; and, though racked by the pangs of jealousy, and the still more excruciating fear that the woman he adored would be united to one incapable of making her happy, he determined to leave no effort untried to conquer his attachment.

At Dover Archibald took his passage on board a packet-boat, and set sail the same day, with a fair wind, for Calais. The passengers consisted of Americans and Englishmen, except one gentleman, who was a French count, somewhat older than Campbell. He had left a wife and two children in England, and was returning to France, to save, if possible, the wrecks of a fine fortune from the confiscation of the revolutionists.

Though an emigrant and a loyalist, Count St. Hubert had been promised the protection of one of the leading men in power (a friend of his late father's), who, though he had ambitious appetites, was still alive to feelings of social kindness. The former

hoped, by the means of citizen ****, to recover some part of his confiscated property. The count, however, was aware of the danger to which his return might expose him: his family, for centuries, had been renowned for its loyalty; his nearest relations had fallen victims to the attachment they had borne their dethroned sovereign; and, had he been in France at that epocha, he, no doubt, would have shared their fate: but his personal courage was great, and his social affections were strong.

He took, it is true, the precaution to conceal his country and rank. Though born in France, he had been brought up in England, where he had resided the greater part of his life, spoke the language fluently, and in appearance, dress, and manner, was perfectly English: his person, likewise, was almost unknown in Paris. Still it was a dangerous step to take: he must trust to the honor and humanity of a man who had abjured the fealty he owed to his sovereign, who was involved in ambitious projects,

who might be gradually led by them to any excess, and who might, perhaps, himself fall an early sacrifice to the counter ambition of his colleagues. But he had married a young Frenchwoman who was of a noble family, but who had no fortune: this beloved wife had given him two lovely children, and daily expected to present him with a third; and, unless he could recover a part of his property, they might be exposed to depend on the charity of strangers for bread! These considerations were sufficiently urgent to induce a nobleman, no less gallant of spirit than high in blood, to encounter every peril to save those he so tenderly loved from what he conceived to be degradation. Arming himself against the tears and entreaties of his amiable countess, St. Hubert had taken an affectionate farewell of his little family, hastened to Dover, and embarked on board the packet-boat in which Campbel had taken his passage.

The count and Archibald staid in the cabin; St. Hubert from motives of pru-

dence, and Campbel because the vulgarity and violent politics of the other passengers were revolting to his feelings. By a singular coincidence, the features of St. Hubert slightly resembled those of Campbel; in figure and size the young men were alike; both wore mourning, and, when not standing close together, the resemblance was sufficiently striking for strangers to mistake the one for the other.

This similarity of person was accompanied by a congeniality of taste and temper, and Archibald and the count soon entered into conversation, in the course of which the former discovered, with no little pleasure, that Monsieur St. Hubert had, within a twelvemonth, visited Jamaica, where he had become intimate with Frederic Delmore, the fellow-collegian and friend of Campbel, whom the count had left in good health.

This circumstance, and the relief they mutually found to the anxious cares which preyed upon their minds in each other's society, inspired a mutual wish not to part,

and they accordingly agreed to travel together to Paris. When the count had become acquainted in Jamaica with Frederic Delmore, the latter had been struck with the resemblance between St. Hubert and Campbel, and in the course of their intimacy had remarked it to the count, which led him to mention Archibald in terms of high praise, and to relate the affair of the duel, and other circumstances no less honorable to his college friend. Encouraged by all the good he had heard, and invited to confidence by the frank cordiality of Campbel, St. Hubert explained his situation to his new friend, who listened with no less interest than sympathy, and offered his services with unaffected good will.

After a short and safe passage the packet-boat anchored in the port of Calais. The count and Campbel hired a travelling carriage; the former, acting with proper caution, kept the strictest incognito on the road, and suffered the innkeepers to suppose him *un Milor Anglois* : his companion aided

him with zealous prudence, and they reached Paris without meeting with any unpleasant adventure.

The family estate of St. Hubert lay in the south of France, and it would be absolutely necessary for that gentleman, when he had consulted with his republican protector, who had promised to exert his influence for the partial restoration of the count's property, to take a journey thither. St. Hubert, however, on his arrival, found Citizen **** too deeply engaged in public affairs, or rather in his own ambitious designs, to attend to the concerns of an individual who could in no manner contribute to their success. He gave the count a permit of safety, as a foreigner, under a feigned name, and told him he must wait his leisure. St. Hubert, therefore, took a lodging in a private quarter of the city, and Campbel would not leave his new friend; but he deemed it prudent to dismiss his foreign valet. A more frequent intercourse, though their political opinions did not always accord, and

the mind of the count was rather amiable than strong, increased their mutual esteem and confidence, while it inspired a generous emulation, and they bore their reciprocal griefs with fortitude becoming men.

As soon as he had brought his mind to some degree of calmness, Campbel did not fail to write to Mr. Fairfax. By a manly confession of the weakness which had prevented him from making that gentleman acquainted with his intended journey, he atoned for his blameable neglect, and became somewhat better reconciled to himself. He intended to have proceeded almost immediately on his tour to Germany, but his growing intimacy with the count made him determine to wait till that gentleman should go to the south of France. That was not the direct road, and the universal reign of anarchy and approaching terror made Campbel anxious to quit a country distracted by intestine convulsions: but the interest he took in the fate of St. Hubert, whose amiable qualities inspired affection, while they seemed

to solicit the aid of one stronger in mind than their possessor, overruled all prudential considerations. He was, beside, anxious to receive an answer from Mr. Fairfax, and began to be a little uneasy at the silence of that gentleman.

St. Hubert, on his part, repaid the sympathizing regard of his friend with interest, and opposed his remaining in Paris for him, as he depended on another, and it was uncertain when he should be able to take the proposed journey. Archibald, however, like his late unfortunate uncle, when he had formed a resolution, was not easily dissuaded from it; and he would not yield, but insisted on staying, at least, till he should see that his remaining longer would be attended with useless and personal danger.

CHAP. V.

WE will leave Campbel, in the society of his noble friend, to struggle with a passion which seemed to defy all the efforts of philosophy, and return to the amiable object of his pure affection and her interested lover. Leoline, thinking himself now secure of the hand of the lovely Eleonor, was thrown a little off his guard; occasionally betrayed the suspicious tyranny of his temper in the presence of Mr. Fairfax and his lady; and, when alone with that young lady, put still less restraint on his ill humor. The infatuation, however, of the self-devoted Eleonor, was so great, and the ascendancy which Hargrave had acquired over her affections so absolute, that, in despite of the impressive warnings of her honored relations, who began to be seriously alarmed at the increasing ill humor which escaped the barrister in moments of forgetfulness, she was determined to brave future misery rather

than give up the ungenerous lover, who made her frequently shed tears of bitter anguish.

The absence of Campbel, though regretted by Mr. Fairfax and his family, was far from being a subject of regret to the amiable Hargrave, who, still cherishing illiberal envy, was offended whenever the former was mentioned in terms of esteem and respect.

When alone with Eleonor, if she expressed regret at the absence of so amiable a friend, he did not fail to throw out sarcastic reflections, which implied an ungenerous doubt of Eleonor's affection; though, in reality, he set no value on her love, except as it gratified his vanity, and promoted his interested views. — On one occasion, in particular, when Campbel happened to be the subject of conversation, his injustice and ill humor would have effectually alienated a heart less affectionate and forgiving than that of the amiable and too-indulgent Eleonor.

Mrs. Grafton, like a true woman of the world, continued to wear the mask of friend-

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ship toward her future sister-in-law, though she had soon become weary of a young person whose extreme artlessness she considered to be childish imbecility, and whose affectionate temper by no means sympathized with the cold disposition of that lady. Accustomed, however, to play a studied part, and being anxious for the accomplishment of a plan so artfully, and hitherto so successfully laid, it gave her little trouble to make professions she did not feel.

One evening, just after Campbel had crossed the Channel, Mrs. Grafton invited Eleonor, with her aunt and uncle, to a rout and ball : Mr. Fairfax and his wife, however, were not fond of late hours, and, having no fears for the safety of their beloved niece, intrusted that young lady to the care of Hargrave, and remained at home. The company was numerous, and among them were several military gentlemen ; one of whom, a handsome man, in the prime of life, was placed between Mrs. Grafton and Eleonor, and entered into conversation with

them : his brogue immediately betrayed his country, and, till the officer informed the ladies he was a married man, the barrister, at some little distance from Eleonor, was by no means pleased to see an elegant officer near his intended bride, whom he watched with suspicious scrutiny.

In the course of conversation, the officer, in whom the reader has already, perhaps, recognised an old friend, told the ladies he had been called suddenly up to London on military business, and had been obliged to leave his wife behind him.

“ Now,” continued Captain Fitzpatric, for it was that identical gentleman, “ this will happen quite lucky; for I will be expecting a friend now two months since, or more, because he informed me by the post he had taken a trip across the water on my recommendation to visit us, only that his uncle died in the interim, and obliged him to go to Scotland, to be buried according to his liking; for which reason sure he was obliged to be about leaving Ireland before he had

seen it, which you know was a misfortune, the like of which can only be exceeded by itself."

Hargrave and Mrs. Grafton smiled at the blunders of the worthy officer ; but Eleonor, who was led immediately to conjecture that the friend of whom he spoke could be no other than Campbel, said, "Surely, sir, it is not Mr. Campbel of whom you are speaking?"

"And will it be any one else, madam?"

"You know him, then?"

"He will always be the dearest friend I will have on earth, alive sure, or dead."

"He is truly worthy of your esteem," said Eleonor.

"Ah, madam, will I not know that better than you, begging your pardon, or any other man on earth? He is a noble fellow!"

"He is fortunate in being admired by the ladies," retorted the amiable barrister, casting a reproachful look at Eleonor; "but their admiration is very lightly bestowed."

"Mr. Campbel, brother, is too much of

the philosopher to be much liked by the ladies, or to care much about their opinion," said Mrs. Grafton, who felt secretly piqued that Archibald had not paid her that tribute of admiration, which she had been accustomed to receive.

"And let him be twenty philosophers, dear madam, he will turn philosophy out of doors when he will meet with a kind angel, who will love him for his own sake, and make him happier than man can be ! Was not I a miserable fellow, till my sweet Flora, with downcast eyes, declared she would prefer Roderic Fitzpatric, a captain of infantry, if there was not another man in the world ? and will not I be a base deceiver, if I will ever repay such generous love with unkindness, or mean suspicion ?"

"Nay, jealousy, surely, however unfounded it may be, is a strong proof of affection," said Eleonor ; "and, though it severely wounds the feeling heart, ought to be pardoned."

"You will excuse me there, I hope, dear

madam," replied the captain; "a gentleman that will make a lovely angel miserable will be no gentleman. If I have my throat cut to-day in defence of the fair, will I not defend them to-morrow against insult or ill usage, and will never think I honor them too much? He that disbelieves or ill treats an affectionate confiding woman will be no gentleman, if he were the first in the kingdom."

This last speech, as it may be supposed, did not contribute to harmonize the temper of Hargrave, already ruffled by the praise which had been bestowed on Campbel; and a trivial incident put the finishing stroke to his ill humor, which subjected poor Eleonor to that sarcastic reproach and ungenerous treatment to which she had of late been too frequently exposed.

When the gentlemen, after tea, took their partners to dance in the adjoining apartment, the barrister, with a very ill grace, led Eleonor to join the gay throng, complaining that he was tired, and whispering ill-natured sarcasms on the dissipation of women, and

their love of pleasure. Eleonor, though hurt by the manner of Hargrave, and very fond of dancing, with her usual sweetness immediately offered to relinquish that delightful amusement; and was led exultingly by her generous lover to the card-room, where the elderly part of the company employed themselves agreeably to their inclination. Eleonor, however, did not like cards, and, if she had wished to have played, the tables were made up; she, therefore, had no resource but in the conversation of Hargrave, who was not in a humor to converse, but who behaved with tolerable civility till Eleonor recollected she had engaged to dance the two next dances with Captain Fitzpatric. This unfortunate engagement which she had made, too generous to suspect that the amiable barrister, not being in the humor to be amused himself, was equally unwilling to let her partake in the general festivity, destroyed her happiness for the whole evening.

“ It is a pity the rules of an assembly

will not suffer you to dance with the captain the whole night," whispered Hargrave; "you might then talk of your favorite, Mr. Campbel, without restraint, and listen to his praises till the eloquence of the gallant Hibernian should be exhausted."

"Indeed, Leoline, this is not kind," mildly remonstrated Eleonor: "it is true that I esteem Mr. Campbel, but you cannot say I have ever given you cause to doubt my affection."

"Young ladies certainly give their lovers incontestable proofs of affection! they play upon the feelings, delight in tormenting them, and, if a man is seriously alarmed at their levity, and ventures to express those fears, he is called unkind, and his anxious love is misrepresented as ungenerous suspicion."

Before Eleonor could reply to this cruel attack, Captain Fitzpatric, who, having finished the two dances, had been seeking her vainly in the ball-room, joined them, and claimed her promise.

"My dear madam, I have been looking every where for you among the dancers, and

to be sure I would not have found you at all only that I happened to recollect you would be no where else but here. I hope you are not indisposed ?”

“ I am not quite well,” said Eleonor, happy to seize on a pretext, if possible to avoid dancing : her heart, indeed, was too heavy to render amusement attractive to her : “ if I had not promised to dance with you,” added she, “ I should sit still the whole evening.”

“ And will I be so ungentleman-like as to insist on a lady’s dancing for her pleasure, when it will be no pleasure at all ? I flatter myself you will allow me the honor to be near you, and to wait upon you, and to take care of you : for will I not be a miserable fellow, when I am happy, to *have* such society for any pleasure an assembly will afford ?”

Poor Eleonor was now thrown into increasing distress : she could not, without appearing deficient in good manners, decline entering into conversation with the worthy officer, who, as if he had divined the illiberal

envy of Hargrave, and had wished to mortify that amiable gentleman, made Campbel the incessant theme of his praise, and forced from the suffering Eleonor that approbation which her heart willingly paid to the virtues of Archibald; but which, on the present occasion, was very painful to give, conscious as she was that the most illiberal construction would be put on the simple expressions of esteem. Her dear Leoline, during the whole of the evening, maintained a sullen silence, except whenever an opportunity occurred to make a sarcastic attack on the too-forbearing Eleonor, whom he watched with the scrutinizing eye of suspicion.

Almost sinking under stifled anguish, Miss Fairfax, amid mirth and gaiety, spent a miserable evening; and at length, feeling she could not much longer support the cruel restraint which good breeding and her own sweetness of disposition imposed upon her, she pleaded indisposition, took an early opportunity to retire, sent for a coach, and

was accompanied as far as her uncle's house by the ungenerous author of her sufferings.

A flood of tears relieved her oppressed spirits when she was in the carriage ; and Leoline, who always, when he perceived he had carried his ill humors a little too far, had the prudence to change his battery, by affecting deep regret, and making protestations of passionate regard, which the too-credulous Eleonor fondly believed, on this occasion acted with his accustomed art, and easily prevailed on her to pronounce a generous pardon. The barrister indeed, being no tyro in his profession, had frequently on such occasions, by his oratorical sophistry, persuaded Eleonor that she, not he, had been to blame, and he was no less successful on the present.

It was not quite midnight when they reached the house of Mr. Fairfax ; and that gentleman was not yet gone to bed, though his lady had retired.

"You come home very early," said the kind

uncle; "I did not order the carriage to fetch you till one o'clock; what made you return before it came?"

"I was not very well, sir," replied Eleonor, blushing at the conscious deceit of which she was guilty toward her best friends; "so I begged Mrs. Grafton to send for a coach, and Mr. Hargrave brought me to the door."

Mr. Fairfax looked with anxious concern at his niece: her deep blushes had not escaped his observation, and he perceived her eyes were red.

"Eleonor," said that gentleman, "you are not sincere; something has happened to distress you. Why will you seek to deceive your best friends?"

Eleonor, unable to deny the charge, or to utter a syllable of explanation, burst into tears: the excellent uncle, tenderly leading her to a seat, begged her to be composed, and thus continued:—

"You need not tell me the cause of your tears and agitation, my dear Eleonor; my

late observations, I am sorry to say, leave me at no loss to divine their source. Mr. Hargrave——”

“ Oh, you wrong him, dear uncle,” eagerly interrupted Eleonor; “ he loves me tenderly : it is for my own folly I weep, not at his unkindness.”

“ Eleonor,” said Mr. Fairfax, with impressive solemnity, “ you are the dupe of your own heart : Mr. Hargrave takes an ungenerous advantage of your blind affection ; he tyrannizes over your mind ; and if you marry him you will be miserable !”

“ Oh, no,” exclaimed Eleonor, fervently clasping her hands, “ I love him better than existence ; and I can never be miserable in giving him daily and hourly proofs of affection, by studying every wish, and yielding to every request.”

“ Eleonor, once more, beware ! You stand on the brink of a precipice. Hargrave, when he is your husband, will not request, but command, and his commands will not always be gentle ; his temper, I have

too late discovered, is tyrannical and suspicious : supposing that he loves you, of which I confess I now begin to have my doubts, you will nevertheless be miserable ; and, if he do not love you, your sufferings will be tenfold increased. Eleonor, dearest Eleonor, let me prevail on you to be timely warned ! Brave temporary disappointment to save yourself from a life of wretchedness ! Be guided by our experience, and renounce Mr. Hargrave."

"Never!" exclaimed Eleonor, with fervent energy. "On him the happiness of my life depends ! Forgive me, dearest uncle," continued the impassioned Eleonor, weeping on the shoulder of that gentleman ; "I honor and love you and my dear aunt ; indeed, indeed, I do ; but my affections are irrevocably fixed ; and I would rather die than renounce the friend, the chosen husband, of my heart !"

Mr. Fairfax, grieved to the heart at the blind and obstinate infatuation of his beloved niece, sighed deeply ; but, seeing that

remonstrance would be unavailing, made no further attempts to rouse that young lady to a sense of her danger, and retired with a heavy heart to his chamber, where he informed his amiable lady of what had passed, and they jointly deplored the credulity of Eleonor, and their too-easy acquiescence to the wish of the interested barrister.

“Had she placed her affections on Campbell,” said the uncle, with a sigh of regret, “I am persuaded she would have met a generous return. He would have weaned her from the romantic folly which threatens the destruction of her happiness through life; and his kind affectionate temper would have made her the most fortunate of wives!”

“It would, indeed, have been an union most grateful to our wishes, and equally fortunate for both parties,” replied Mrs. Fairfax; “but the happiness of Eleonor has ever been the object of our tenderest anxiety; if she, dear infatuated girl, is obstinately deaf to our advice, we cannot reproach ourselves,

at least, with having wilfully failed in those duties which are no less sacred than dear to the heart."

While the kind aunt and uncle were kept waking by the anxious fears of affection, Eleonor, when she sunk on her pillow, did not find that rest of which her agitated spirits stood so much in need. The unpleasant occurrences of the evening floated on her memory, and the ungenerous sarcasms of the barrister again drew forth tears of burning anguish. The impressive warning and grief of her respected uncle were then remembered in turn, and excited melancholy forebodings, tormenting doubts, and self-condemnation. But, though she had at moments an indistinct feeling that the fears of that gentleman were well founded, still she believed the love of Hargrave was as sincere as her own; and, grieved as she was to act in defiance, as it were, of relations she so tenderly cherished, her determination was unalterable. Supposing Hargrave, as her uncle feared, to be of a tyrannical sus-

picious temper, she was persuaded that no domestic wretchedness, however great, could equal the misery of giving up the lover whom she idolized ! Such a sacrifice would inevitably break her heart ! She could not survive so dreadful a blow !

When excess of weariness at length closed her aching eye-lids, sleep, far from giving relief to her oppressed heart, only presented terrific images, and renewed the mental suffering she had undergone.

CHAP. VI.

THE reader will no doubt be inclined to feel a little anxious for Campbel, whom we left in a country convulsed by anarchy, and threatened on every side with foreign invasion ; we shall therefore return to that excellent young man.

The soothing intercourse of friendship made the struggles of fortitude less painful ; but nothing could obliterate the image of the interesting Eleonor. The attachments of Archibald, being invariably founded on esteem, were never light ; and it was not to be expected that a young man, who had never before experienced the passion of love, could at pleasure stifle the most powerful and exquisite emotions of the heart.

The interest which Campbel took in the affairs of St. Hubert, together with the turbulent and extraordinary scenes to which all Paris was daily witness, somewhat diverted his thoughts from the lovely object by which

they had been solely engrossed ; but that could not expel an affection no less pure than it was ardent, or make retrospection less bitter.

While Campbel, without forming connexions, or entering into political circles, visited every place which art or science rendered interesting, his friend kept entirely incognito. The imprisonment of Louis XVI., and the wanton outrage shewn to that unfortunate prince, naturally excited deep regret and lively indignation in the breast of a loyal subject ; but there were no means of deliverance : though firmly attached to the house of Bourbon, his soul shrunk with horror from joining the enemies of France to shed the blood of his fellow-citizens and countrymen ; beside, to wantonly throw away that life, on which his beloved Julia and their cherished offspring had such tender and sacred claims, in fruitless attempts to serve his king, would be an act of frantic folly.

Sensible, independent of his rank being discovered, that it would be dangerous for

him to mingle with men whose principles he held in abhorrence,—aware of the impetuosity of his temper, and accustomed as he had been to speak his sentiments openly,—St. Hubert had shunned all intercourse except that of Campbel. Notwithstanding these prudent precautions, the person of St. Hubert, unknown to that gentleman, had been recognised; about two months after his arrival at Paris, by a *ci-devant* dependent on his noble family, who, profiting by the turbulence of the times, had made himself popular, and was now a member of the Convention. That man had likewise traced the place of his abode; fortunately, however, though ambition had hurried him into guilt, he had still moments of compunction; and, sanguinary as he had shewn himself, he still felt a repugnance to betray a nobleman from whose family he had received unnumbered obligations. Thus the fate of St. Hubert was in the hands of two men, who from one day to the other might repent of

their humanity, or be urged by their fears to betray him to the tribunal of the Convention.

It was now nearly four months since Campbel had come to Paris: still he received no letters from England. Not knowing what to fear, or how to account for the silence of his honored guardian, he determined to again cross the Channel before he proceeded on his tour to Germany, and procured a passport, as no person was then allowed to quit France without one. His friend Count St. Hubert, from week to week, and month to month, had been fed with illusive promises: the credit of his republican protector was on the decline; still Citizen **** gave the count false hopes, and that gentleman, rendered desperate by the hopeless state of his affairs, notwithstanding the prudent advice of Campbel, would not quit France. The journey of Archibald, however, was suddenly stopped. Just as the latter was almost on the eve of departure, St. Hubert fell dange-

rously ill; and Campbel, racked as he was by suspense, would not abandon his friend, who kept his bed nearly three weeks.

How eventful was that short space! In the interim, the unfortunate Louis XVI. had been condemned to death by the republican government; fresh horrors had been committed; and the protector of St. Hubert, just as the count was able to quit his chamber, had been supplanted by a rival in power, denounced as a traitor, sent to prison, and guillotined. Unfortunately memorandums were found among his papers relating to the affairs of the count; these papers likewise discovered that that gentleman had returned secretly to Paris. Luckily the place of his abode was not mentioned, and his person was known to no member of the Convention except the man who had been restrained by a feeling of compunction from betraying the count. Citizen —, still yielding to the dictates of honor and humanity, was silent, and went privately to warn St. Hubert to save himself by imme-

diate flight, lamenting it was not in his power to aid him further. The advice was vain: having neither protection nor passport, flight was impossible; and St. Hubert had no alternative but to remain concealed if possible; and, should he be discovered, to submit with courage to his fate.

Campbel, who was going to leave Paris the next day, was absent when this fearful warning had been given: when he returned, he found St. Hubert in a state of mental agony that could not be concealed. It was not for himself he feared; the count, as we before said, had great personal courage, and, but for the recollection of his beloved wife and family, death would have been welcome to him at a moment when individual misfortunes were rendered doubly bitter by the indignant grief of a royalist, and the feelings which the weight of public calamity could not but rouse in the breast of a true patriot. But, if death put an end to his sufferings, his adored Julia and their dear offspring would be left unprotected in a fo-

reign country, without friends or fortune. On him their future support depended ; his exertions alone could save them from the humiliation and distress which poverty inflicts : his heart was torn by the distracting fears of the husband and father, and at moments his brain could scarcely support the agonizing conflict.

Inexpressibly alarmed at the state in which he found the count, Campbel approached that gentleman with all the sympathy of friendship, and begged him to explain what had occasioned agitation so extreme.

“ I am known to be in Paris,” said that gentleman ; “ the Convention has denounced me as a traitor ; my destruction is decreed ; the most vigilant search will be made ; and I must inevitably, sooner or later, fall into their sanguinary hands. Oh, Julia ! must thy wretched husband leave thee unprotected in a foreign land ? Must our dear babes starve, or depend on charity for bread ? ”

St. Hubert struck his forehead in agony, his countenance was convulsed, and he fell on a chair in a state truly worthy of compassion. Campbel, deeply moved, endeavored to sooth the feelings of his wretched friend.

“ St. Hubert,” said Archibald, “ rouse from this paroxysm of despair ! Your person is known only to a few ; you may still be saved. Let us take immediate measures for your flight.”

“ Escape is impossible ! You forget that the strictest regulations are now in force, and that no person can pass the barriers without shewing a passport. I must submit to my fate ! I fear not death ; but my helpless babes, my beloved Julia, will be left destitute and broken-hearted in a foreign country ! Oh ! Campbel, bear the dying blessing of your friend to my poor children, to the most adored of wives ! Tell her you witnessed the agonies of a distracted husband and a doting father ! Oh ! tell her

St. Hubert would have joyfully died, could he have secured the dear objects of his solitude from penury and disgrace!"

"Are there no means to evade the fury of your persecutors?"

"None! I am known to one of the members of the Convention. To-day, it is true, he feels compunction, and probably will not betray me; but his hands are stained with the blood of the most loyal nobles of France; and to-morrow, from cowardice or treachery, he may set the ferocious satellites of despotism in pursuit! My destruction is inevitable. Why should I disgrace my name and my rank by cowardly evasion? I will go to the Convention, announce myself to be Count St. Hubert, proclaim aloud the horror in which I hold the murderers of my king, and tell them to lead me at once to the scaffold!"

The count then rose in a kind of frantic desperation, took his hat, and was going to quit the house; but Campbel gently caught his arm.

“ Listen, my friend, to reason,” said Archibald ; “ your case, thank Heaven, is not, as you imagine, desperate. I have the happy instrument of your deliverance in my possession. My passport fortunately answers the description of your person ; you can pass in safety. Not a moment is to be lost. Fly, and save your life !”

“ And leave my noble preserver at the mercy perhaps of sanguinary tigers ? Never !”

“ I am a foreigner ; my life will not be in danger if I remain.”

“ You are an Englishman ! War is daily expected to break out between the two countries. At present you have no ambassador in France. If you remain you will be arrested for a spy, unless you consent to dishonor yourself.”

“ Without pretending to approve acts which every lover of rational liberty must reprobate, I can prove my innocence.”

“ Innocence, my friend, would be your worst advocate with men whose guilt cannot endure so humiliating a contrast ; you would

certainly fall a sacrifice to the hatred which the revolutionary government bears now to the English."

" St. Hubert, your friendship too rashly takes alarm ; but, admitting your fears even to be just, I am prepared for the worst. I have no wife, no children, no unprotected friend or relation, for whose sake it would behove me to preserve my life at the expense of yours. Were I so circumstanced, St. Hubert, and you in my place, painful as the alternative would be, I should not refuse to take the passport."

" Campbel, my heart is torn by contending duties !"

" Those of a husband and father are sacred ! Would you condemn the beloved wife of your heart to a premature grave, and leave your helpless offspring to perish, or exist on charity ? St. Hubert, be a man ! On extreme occasions we must not shrink from the test ; mistaken generosity ought to yield to imperious duties ! In the name of your unprotected

family, of your idolizing wife, I solemnly exhort you to save yourself."

"Generous, noble friend!" exclaimed the count; "you have almost vanquished my scruples!—Julia! my children! Shall I once more fold you to this agonized heart; again listen to those endearing accents, which would repay all the torments wanton cruelty could inflict? Ecstatic thought! but must I obtain this blessing at the imminent risk of my friend? Oh, no! it must not, cannot be!"

"Then resolve," said Campbel, in the tone of dignified reproach, "to break the heart of your affectionate wife, to make your children doubly orphans, and to leave them at the mercy perhaps of vulgar tyranny or infectious vice!"

St. Hubert shuddered: Campbel, taking advantage of the soul-appalling terrors he had judiciously raised, urged his suit with increased energy. The enthusiastic eloquence of friendship, added to the agonizing

fears of a good father and a doting husband, at length prevailed. The count, though with great reluctance, consented to fly: it was little more than noon, and, owing to the presence of mind and activity of Campbel, he was enabled to quit Paris in a few hours.

At parting, Archibald forced St. Hubert, who he knew was ill provided with cash, to take a sum sufficient for the temporary support of his family. Amid hurry and confusion, Campbel took those precautions which, owing to the mental agitation of the count, would otherwise have been neglected. He accompanied that gentleman as far as the barriers, and had the satisfaction to see him pass them in safety.

The feelings of St. Hubert did honor to his heart. He gave Archibald a direction by which the latter would be certain to find him in London, and parted from the young man with affectionate admiration, mingled with excruciating fears.

“Till I see you again,” said the count,

pressing his hand with fervor, “ I shall not be at peace. Should you fall a victim to your generous friendship, not even my Julia and my beloved children could restore me to happiness ! I could never forgive my too-easy compliance. Oh ! how fervently will she bless the preserver of her husband ! Surely that all-beneficent Being, who never deserts the virtuous, will guard a life so precious, and save me from the bitter pangs of remorse ! Oh, yes ! To His paternal care I trust the safety of my noble preserver !”

CHAP. VII.

THE fears of St. Hubert were but too prophetic : a week after the departure of that gentleman, war was formally declared against England, and it became dangerous for any subject of Great Britain, who had not adopted republican principles, to remain in France. Campbel was aware of his danger ; but, for the present moment, he saw no possible means of quitting Paris. Fortunately, out of consideration to the count, he had formed no French, or even English, acquaintance ; and the people with whom he lodged were persons of honor, and, beside, were partial to the English.

An American ambassador, it was expected, would be sent to Paris, and Archibald determined, if he could remain unmolested till that gentleman should arrive, to apply to him for protection : in any case, he was prepared for the worst, and his fortitude remained unshaken. The fears,

however, which the unaccountable silence of Mr. Fairfax had excited, preyed upon his heart with increasing anxiety; and, as there was now little likelihood those fears could be relieved, made him more sensibly feel how painfully he was situated; yet he did not a moment regret the sacrifice he had made.

The expedition and activity which Campbell had exerted proved fortunate to St. Hubert: diligent search was immediately set on foot to discover the count; and, a few days after, the latter had safely embarked for England on board a neutral vessel, of which he contrived to give his friend intelligence. Had St. Hubert been in Paris, he would inevitably have fallen a victim to republican rage.

Citizen ——, who, because he had moments of humanity, like other persecuting men, flattered himself he was not the ferocious tiger his enemies described him to be, reprobating to an intimate friend the injustice and falsity of a severe anonymous philippic

which had appeared in some periodical print against him, in an unguarded moment suffered the name of the count, with the humane intimation he had given that gentleman, to escape his lips. He was frightened when he had done the mischief; but he had conferred essential favors on the person to whom he spoke, and the latter bound himself by the most solemn oaths to secrecy.

This false friend, however, hoping to rise by the fall of Citizen ——, denounced him to the Convention as a conspirator against the republic, and, as having sequestered the count from the just vengeance of the laws. Citizen —— was seized, and brought before that sanguinary tribunal at which he had so often assisted in condemning the innocent: his false friend was confronted with him, and accusation made.

The accused, however, was a man of consummate art and talent: he owed to being acquainted with the retreat of St. Hubert, but he contrived to turn that very circumstance in his favor; and, to recompense the

treachery of his friend, boldly accused him of being himself a traitor.

Citizen —— had a numerous party in the Convention, and the storm blew over on his offering to conduct a national guard to the lodgings of St. Hubert, of whose flight he was ignorant, and who had informed the republican that he had not the means of escape. The scale was now turned : Citizen —— was acquitted with shouts of acclamation, and his accuser was dragged to prison, unpitied and unheard.

The consequences attending this discovery, however, proved serious to Campbel, though he had acted with no less prudence than presence of mind when the safety of his noble friend was in question. Archibald, whose mind was preyed upon by anxieties far more tender and excruciating, by an unpardonable want of precaution had neglected to change the lodging he had occupied in common with St. Hubert. One night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, just as he was retiring to rest, a band

of soldiers, headed by Citizen ——, broke into his apartment.

“That is your man,” said Citizen ——, who was at first deceived by the resemblance, which had deceived others; “that is the traitor St. Hubert!”

“You are mistaken, gentlemen,” said Campbel, with dignified calmness.

Citizen —— looked at Archibald attentively, and found that it actually was not the count.

“This is his apartment: where is he?”

“There was no such person here, I assure you, citizen,” said the trembling landlord; “this apartment has, for these four months, been occupied by this gentleman, and an American, his friend, who quitted Paris to go to England ten days ago.”

“I tell you it was the traitor St. Hubert; and this Englishman, no doubt, is his accomplice! Bear him to prison, citizen soldiers; you hear he is the friend of the proscribed, who has eluded our vigilance: no doubt he is a spy and a conspirator. To-

morrow he shall be taken before the revolutionary tribunal."

"I am ready to follow you," said Campbell, retaining his presence of mind; "I am a British subject, I have been guilty of no crime, and do not fear to appear before your tribunal."

Calm fortitude forces the respect and admiration even of the vicious. Citizen —— felt that Campbell spoke with the dignity of conscious virtue, but did not think himself perfectly safe unless he contrived to turn the rage of disappointed vengeance upon another object; he therefore silenced the voice of conscience, and, to screen himself, determined to sacrifice a man against whom he had no personal enmity.

"Citizen soldiers," continued the republican, "we must not be duped by this affected security. He owns he is an Englishman; and his being here in time of war, unsanctioned by the republic, leaves little doubt of his being a spy. Prove your patriotism by taking care that he do not

escape. Do you convey him to prison, while I secure his papers, which, no doubt, will furnish proof of his guilt."

Campbel, after being searched and stripped of his pocket-book, which contained notes and bills to the amount of several hundred pounds, was led to prison by his ignorant and ferocious conductors, who, inflamed with national rancor and party violence, more than once deliberated whether they should not take the law into their own hands, and make away with their prisoner: the serjeant, however, would not consent.

"Why would you rob good patriots of the pleasure of seeing the English traitor expiate his crimes before assembled Paris?" said the ferocious republican. "Let him ascend the scaffold, followed by the execrations and scorn of the brave sons of Freedom! Would I could see the head of every English aristocrat under the guillotine!"

To such discourse, horrid and terrific as it was, Campbel listened, with unshaken fortitude, till they reached the prison; when

his conductors consigned him to the care of the *conciérge*, whose countenance was sullen and gloomy, but less ferocious than their own.

“ On your life, see that your prisoner do not escape,” said the serjeant ; “ he is an English spy, and in less than forty-eight hours we hope to see the traitor’s head struck off. Good night, citizen ; look well to your prisoner. Remember, you are answerable for his person.”

“ Never fear, citizen serjeant : I am a good republican ; you may safely trust me. I am no friend to the enemies of France ; and, if my own safety were not in question, I would not suffer the English traitor to escape. He shall be as secure as double bolts and bars can keep him. I am no pitiful chicken-hearted fool. Nobody ever pitied me. Come along, citizen.”

Archibald was conducted to a dungeon, where, after having doubly barricaded the doors, the *conciérge* left him. There was neither chair nor table, and only a heap of

dirty straw, intended to serve for a bed, thrown in one corner. By the faint light of a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, Archibald perceived the floor and wall were spotted with blood.

“ Is it possible,” said Campbel, looking round with horror, “ that man can so degrade his noble nature? Oh, St. Hubert, thank Heaven thou hast eluded the savage fury which threatens to overwhelm me! If I perish, no unworthy thought or cowardly complaint shall disgrace thy friend: he will fall, proud of dying in the cause of humanity. But oh, dear guardian of my youth, and thou too, lovely Eleonor, may you be spared the affliction of hearing my fate! May your hearts throb with uninterrupted delight when mine ceases to beat! May the most amiable of her sex be guarded from every ill!”

The papers on which Citizen —— seized contained no political matter whatever; but Campbel had suffered the letters, which St. Hubert had received from England, to come under envelope to him, for their greater

security. One from the countess had arrived after the departure of her husband, and Archibald had not judged it prudent to send it back: it was consequently found among his papers, opened, and read. Unfortunately, Campbel was mentioned as the friend through whose hands the correspondence of the count passed.

This was evidence sufficient to condemn him as a spy and a traitor in the prejudiced opinions of men whose minds were distorted by every violent passion, and who, blinding the people with the specious name of freedom, exercised with impunity the most criminal abuse of power. When Campbell the next morning was called before the revolutionary tribunal, he read his fate in the eyes of his sanguinary judges; but his native magnanimity did not desert him. The prisoner was called to the bar: he advanced with dignity, and his eye undauntedly met that of his stern interrogator.

“ You are an Englishman?” said the president.

“ I was born in England, but my family is Scotch.”

“ Is your family noble?”

“ Only in the distant branches.”

“ Are you of any trade or profession?”

“ I am not.”

“ Then you were not brought to Paris by affairs of commerce?”

“ I was not.”

“ Nor by your love of republican principles?”

“ I am a subject of Britain, and have no wish to interfere in the politics of this country.”

“ Why are you here, now war is declared between the two countries?”

“ Because I could not quit France without a passport.”

“ He had a passport renewed nearly a month ago,” interrupted a member; “ I happened to be at the office at the time, and perfectly recollect his person.”

“ You are accused of being a spy.”

“ The accusation is false.”

“What did you do with your passport?” continued the president, in a stern voice.

“You seek my life ; I will not answer your question.”

“Your refusal convicts you. You are the accomplice of a traitor. This letter,” continued the president, shewing the letter of the countess, “was directed to you : are you acquainted with its contents ?”

“I never broke the seal of the envelope.”

“That is of no consequence ; this letter declares you to be the intimate friend of St. Hubert ; and, moreover, that his correspondence with England passed through your hands : there needs no stronger proof that you have conspired with that traitor against the republic.”

“I have frequently heard the count declare that no consideration should induce him to bear arms against his country.”

“You are proved to be the friend of St. Hubert : he could not escape without a passport : you received yours nearly a month ago, and Citizen —— assures me, that, owing to

the singular resemblance you bear to that rebel, he might safely make use of yours. You call yourself an Englishman, and affect to speak French like a foreigner; but you may be an emigrant, probably a relation to St. Hubert; if not, you are certainly a spy; and, in either case, your life is forfeit to the safety of the republic."

"I am prepared to meet the worst," replied Campbel, with calm dignity. "It is true I gave my passport to the count; but I here solemnly declare that I am neither an English spy nor a French conspirator; both are titles odious to an honorable man."

"Can you bring any republican legislator to vouch for your innocence?"

"I am acquainted with none. I have carefully avoided mixing in political circles. I first came to Paris with the intention of proceeding almost immediately to Germany but I afterwards changed my mind."

"That is a pity," said the president, drily, "for, by changing your mind, you will

certainly lose your head. Citizen legislators, you hear ! The prisoner owns that he assisted the traitor St. Hubert to escape ; he confesses that he is an Englishman ; he is found concealed in an obscure corner of Paris, at a time when England has insolently boasted that she will re-establish monarchy in France ; he can bring no good republican to vouch for his innocence : I need not suggest to you the allegiance we have sworn to the Republic, one and indivisible ; and that it is our duty to guard her against the treacherous snares spread by one of her inveterate foes. You will, I am sure, give a verdict worthy of your patriotism, and condemn the English traitor to death !”

“ If I perish, I die innocent of the crimes laid to my charge, and an approving conscience will teach me to meet my fate with the fortitude of a man.”

“ Hear no more ! bear him again to prison while sentence is passed ; he wishes to excite a tumult,” said the president, alarmed at perceiving some of the spectators begin

to murmur, and that their countenance expressed mingled pity and indignation. "Citizens," continued that gentleman, "I have certain proofs of his guilt in my possession. This is a moment of imminent peril; we are beset with external enemies, and have to guard against their secret emissaries at home. If you suffer yourselves to be seduced by the dangerous eloquence of this Englishman, your liberties will be endangered! He is a spy and a traitor, and his death is necessary to the safety of the republic! Away with him!"

Among the numerous spectators that were present, Campbel was led by accident to remark a lady, who sat in a low gallery, near the bar of the Convention: she was in the prime of life, and very beautiful: her form was majestic, and her countenance dignified, but expressive of melancholy: it seemed not entirely strange to Campbel, though he could not recollect where and when he had seen it. During the whole of the trial, her attention was fixed on him and

the president, with alternate wonder, pity, and indignation ; and, when he was dragged out of court, he observed that her eyes filled with tears, and that she covered her face with her hands.

The sanguinary judges even were struck with admiration at the dignified fortitude the prisoner displayed ; but he was an Englishman, had saved the life of an aristocrat, and snatched a victim from their ferocious grasp. *These*, had not their fears been at that time kept constantly alive, were, in their eyes, crimes too heinous to be forgiven : their power was absolute ; the friends of justice and humanity were few, and their voice was drowned in the frantic clamors of rancorous passion : sentence was passed on the noble-minded but unfortunate Campbel, who was condemned to lose his head on the following day

CHAP. VIII.

How unfathomable is the destiny of man ! Less than a year ago Campbel, free in his affections, encircled by admiring friends, and exerting the liberal benevolence of his heart, while he expanded his intellectual powers, had a fairer prospect than most men of enjoying permanent honor and happiness. Now we behold him in a strange country, destitute of friends, stripped of a part of his property, cast into a loathsome dungeon, his honor impeached, and his life destined to feed the vengeance of insatiate cruelty ! Yet he is supported under every calamity by conscious innocence, by that dignified fortitude which robs even vengeance and calumny of their malignant triumph ! He contemplates man as the masterly work of an all-wise and beneficent Creator ; and he cannot, though destined to fall the victim of fearful guilt, hate even his persecutors !

While the noble-minded Campbel is pre-

paring to meet unmerited death with the dignity of conscious virtue, we will return to those cherished friends whose unaccountable silence, in this moment of awful solemnity, excited feelings of excruciating alarm.

The approaching marriage of their beloved niece, whose blind infatuation was a subject of heartfelt regret to the worthy aunt and uncle, inspired Mr. Fairfax and his lady with increasing anxiety ; but, finding expostulation vain, they no longer attempted to reason with that young lady. The first letter which Campbel wrote from Paris reached its destination, and did not lessen their chagrin. They feelingly sympathized in the affection he had so honorably concealed from their knowledge till his absence made an avowal no longer injurious to his happy rival ; and they no less fervently admired that self-command, that noble fortitude, which had vanquished the effervescence of youthful passion, and withstood every selfish temptation.

“ Generous, high-principled, Campbel,”

said Mr. Fairfax, folding the letter, and wiping away the starting tear, “ may some other object, equally amiable and less imprudent than our infatuated Eleonor, engage thy affections, restore thy noble mind to its wonted serenity, and become the worthy partner of thy virtues ! Oh, Eleonor ! to have seen thee united to such a youth would have conferred happiness which no earthly blessing could surpass. Dear, infatuated girl, may some blessed chance still rescue thee from certain misery, and incline thee to receive the vows of the dear son of our affection !”

In this wish Mrs. Fairfax fervently joined, but they saw little hope that their beloved niece could be extricated from the snares of selfish cunning. They agreed, however, to comply with the earnest request of Campbell, who entreated that Eleonor might not be made acquainted with a passion that had driven him from his native land : he was no stranger to the kindness of her heart, and feared to wound that sweet sensibility which

he adored ; though to have known that Eleonor thought of his voluntary banishment with regret would have greatly alleviated its bitterness. Mr. Fairfax had not failed to answer Campbel with the warmth of paternal regard, but the letter miscarried ; the second letter also which the latter had written, and supposed he had put into the post with several others, he had dropped from his pocket in drawing out his handkerchief, and being in great haste he had not missed it, so that it had not reached its destination. Mr. Fairfax had advised his young friend to divert his mind as much as possible from what was passing in England ; he did not, therefore, feel uneasy at receiving no further intelligence from Campbel, till war broke out between France and Great Britain. Uncertainty then became alarming.

The three months which Mr. Fairfax had fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of his niece were nearly elapsed ; in less than a week Eleonor was to be united to the artful tyrannical Hargrave, whom, if possible, she

loved with increasing tenderness. The barrister, in a moment of unreserved confidence, had been imprudently informed by Eleonor that his fits of ill humor had been remarked with apprehension by Mr. Fairfax : he consequently, as the day appointed for their union approached, was more guarded in his conduct in public ; and when alone with that young lady, though he could not wholly curb his temper, he redoubled his assiduities and well-acted tenderness.

Lulled into the most delightful but dangerous security, Eleonor yielded to the overflowing affection of her heart, and indulged in glowing hopes of future felicity. Hargrave, the selfish unprincipled Hargrave, was, in her estimation, not only the most tender and sincere of lovers, but the most virtuous of men, and he would be the best and kindest of husbands ! Mrs. Grafton had continued throughout the affair to take a deep and active part in the deception practised on the unsuspecting and too-forgiving Eleonor, while she was no less careful to

maintain the ground she had gained in the esteem of the worthy aunt and uncle.

It will be necessary to leave Eleonor awhile, to make ourselves acquainted with some circumstances which nearly concern her intended bridegroom.

The reader, perhaps, will recollect the sagacious reflections with which the barrister, on his first being admitted to pay his addresses to Eleonor, consoled himself for the delay on which Mr. Fairfax had insisted. He will likewise probably remember that he had an uncle, a wealthy baronet, whose only son was born to step between the aspiring lawyer and the title, with an estate of thirty thousand a year. If the good-natured reader will be kind enough to bring these trifles to recollection, he will not be surprised at what follows.

Whether Sir Christopher Hargrave and his son, who, though, like most wealthy relations, they neglected their poor cousin, had some knowledge of the aspiring ambition and wishes of our barrister, were finally

imbued with becoming zeal for the family dignity, I cannot determine ; but it is certain that the young 'squire fell from his horse one unlucky morning, and fractured his skull so dreadfully as to be killed on the spot, and that the baronet followed the day after in a fit of apoplexy, leaving the dowager Lady Hargrave, who had brought her husband no fortune, had lived upon ill terms with him, and had nothing but a bare jointure of five hundred a year, half distracted with the loss she had sustained, and in no hurry to summon the long-neglected heir to take possession of one of the finest estates and noblest mansions in all England. But chance kindly spared her the disagreeable task, and sent Hargrave to Bloomer-castle, just as the afflicted widow was sitting down to write a letter of strained civility to that gentleman, to invite him to attend the obsequies of her deceased husband and son. We shall presently see through what channel Hargrave received this melancholy in-

telligence. It will be necessary, however, to observe, that the sudden deaths of Sir Christopher and the young 'squire happened about a week before the nuptials of the amiable barrister and Eleonor were to take place.

One morning, as the intended bridegroom was just going to leave his chambers, he was stopped at the door by his fashionable friend, Dashington.

“ Good morrow, Hargrave,” said Dashington, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder. “ Where are you going ?”

“ To a hear a fashionable cause which is to be tried in Westminster-hall ; perhaps you are going there ?”

“ No ; nor will you, I'll bet you a cool hundred.”

“ You would lose, Bob, if I were to take your bet.”

“ That I deny : but pray tell me, Hargrave, have you seen the *Times* of this morning ?”

“ I slightly glanced over the law articles it contained ; nothing else interesting to me.”

“ That’s a demm’d mistake ! Read the paper again.”

“ Not I, indeed. What is it to me, should all Europe be in flames ? If one half of the world are fools, and the other knaves, how can I help it ?”

“ *You* help it ! no, no ; that is no part of your profession : were you to prevent fools being made the dupes of knaves, you must consent to refund three-fourths of your profits, and would soon starve for want of employment. It is true, you gentlemen of the gown pretend to administer justice to all the world ; but it would be hard to expect you to execute it on yourselves. My request will not put your fortitude to any great trial : here is the paper ; read it again, without missing a single article.”

“ I tell you, Bob, I have missed nothing worth reading. You love to hoax your

friends ; but I am in a hurry, and cannot waste my time upon any paper."

" You are demm'd positive, Hargrave ; but so am I. If you will not read, I will. I could almost wish that Sir Christopher and his booby son would rise from their winding-sheets, to punish your obstinacy."

" What is it you say?" eagerly interrupted Hargrave, doubting if his ears had not deceived him.

" That you are a lucky fellow, and that I wish you joy of succeeding to the family title and estate !"

" You are hoaxing me, Bob ! Let me see the paper."

" No, Hargrave ; I tell you I will read it myself, since you were so cursed positive."

" You are surely jesting, Dashington !"

" Upon my honor I am serious, sir Leo-line. Your booby cousin kindly broke his neck three days ago, to make way for your

succession; and Sir Christopher, with proper prudence and family regard, followed him the day after in a fit of apoplexy. Never was man blessed with more kind and considerate relations! Burn Coke and Blackstone, turn your back on the marriage license, forswear the law and the city, and let the town ring with the spirited exploits of the gay, the fashionable, the irresistible Sir Leoline Hargrave!"

"Really this is astonishing! Will you be kind enough to read the paragraph?"

"It makes a flaming panegyric on the deceased, as you shall hear:—'On Tuesday last, at Bloomer-castle, died Sir Christopher Hargrave, baronet, aged fifty-seven, in a fit of apoplexy. The sudden death of that gentleman, whose distinguished talents, incorruptible patriotism, noble munificence, and known urbanity, will make his loss long felt in the political and fashionable world, was probably occasioned by the shocking accident which, on the preceding day, robbed him of his only son, a young man of the most

amiable disposition and promising qualifications, who, by a fall from his horse, fractured his skull, and was killed on the spot.’”

“ Poor Sir Christopher ! Could he rise from his coffin, and read this eloquent and pompous eulogium, he might say with *Malvoglio*, in *Twelfth Night*, ‘ Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them !’ But is not *my* name mentioned ?”

“ Oh, yes ! you shall hear :—‘ We understand that the dowager Lady Hargrave, by a will made some years ago, is left with nothing but her jointure ; so that the whole of the personal property of the deceased baronet, amounting to fifty thousand pounds and upward, as there are no daughters, devolves, with the title and estate, on the next heir, Mr. Hargrave, a gentleman eminently distinguished for his legal talents, who it is expected in a few days will lead a lovely bride to the altar of Hymen.’”

“ That is an addition of your own, Dashington.”

“ What does that signify? Your approaching marriage is known to half the town ; you are pitied by every fellow of spirit.”

“ Their pity is cursed impertinent !”

“ You will fly, no doubt, on the wings of love,” said Dashington, ironically, “ to prepare your fair bride for the honors that are in store for her ?”

“ I understand your irony, Bob. Miss Fairfax is a charming girl, a very charming girl, upon my soul ! but we are all the slaves of circumstances. I do not say that I shall not marry ; but a baronet, with thirty thousand a year, must form an union suitable to his rank in life. Family connexion, it must be allowed, is an advantage not to be overlooked ; and, the less he stands in need of it, the more tenaciously a man ought to adhere to worldly prudence.”

“ But do not you feel a kind of lurking pity for the poor girl, who is destined to wear the willow, or perhaps break her heart

for the loss of a lover, who, uniting a title and fine estate to a handsome person, I own must be irresistible? With what face can you tell her you never cared a straw for any thing but her fortune?"

"Zounds! Dashington, you are d—ned compassionate of a sudden; beside, you totally misconceive the matter. I have a great regard for Miss Fairfax; I am sorry for her disappointment, upon my honor; but her relations have used me ill, and their mortification will be justly merited. If you are seized with a sudden fit of Quixotism, fly to console the distressed damsel, and soften her disappointment by carrying her off to Gretna-green in style."

"Thank you, baronet, for your generous offer, but love and liberty are my motto; and, if I cannot obtain one without forfeiting the other, demme, Sir Leoline, if I think a Venus de Medicis would tempt me. If ever I marry, as I have often told you, it shall be a superannuated dowager, or tooth-

less spinster, worth a plum at least, who will have a little conscience, and die within the honeymoon, that I may honor her memory so far as to wear a long face till the funeral is over. Good morning, Hargrave; you are impatient, no doubt, to go to Westminster-hall."

"Curse Westminster-hall! I must first write to Mr. Fairfax, and take an immediate journey down to Bloomer castle. I know I shall not be a very welcome guest to the dowager Lady Hargrave; but for her own sake she will treat me with civility. A widow, who has nothing but her jointure, must court those she dislikes, and change the insolence of pride to officious attention. My reception will be very different from the manner in which her ladyship, forgetting her former poverty, which Sir Christopher, who married for love, was fool enough to overlook, received me at the castle ten years ago. Her memory, perhaps, may fail her."

“ But you will kindly refresh it, no doubt, Hargrave. You are destined to be the scourge of widows. Good day, baronet; we shall drink your health in bumpers of Burgundy at the Thatched-house tavern.”

CHAP. IX.

SIR Leoline could scarcely persuade himself such unexpected good fortune had befallen him, and his internal exultation was un-mixed with family regret. Sir Christopher and his son had treated him with uniform *hauteur* and neglect; and, when living, had been equally the objects of his envy and dislike: it was not, therefore, surprising that he should feel little concern at an event which raised him to rank, splendor, and affluence.

Having read and re-read the paragraph which announced his good fortune, Sir Leoline hastened to acquaint his sister with the change in his affairs, and to inform her of his intention to renounce the hand of the young lady, whose affections they had artfully intralled, to gratify their selfish thirst of wealth.

Mrs. Grafton was too much a woman of the world to disapprove her brother's retracting from an engagement which she her-

self had held to be conditional : she did not, however, choose to subject herself, perhaps, to an unpleasant expostulation from Mr. Fairfax and his lady, as she had no further motive for wishing to continue the acquaintance ; and she prevailed on her husband to go for a few weeks to Bath.

With respect to the cruel disappointment that awaited poor Eleonor, she had but little compassion for her : never having felt a strong or tender attachment herself, she could have no just idea of the sufferings a blow so terrible must inflict on one no less enthusiastic than affectionate. She considered Eleonor to be a love-sick foolish girl, who had been honored by the addresses of Sir Leoline, and whose romantic folly would meet a just punishment.

Mr. Grafton, however, thought differently on the subject, and sincerely pitied a young lady who had always appeared to him as amiable as she was artless : he was likewise vexed at breaking off all intercourse with an esteemed friend ; but he was governed by

his wife, and his expostulations were overruled by the united eloquence of the brother and sister.

The reader, perhaps, will imagine that Sir Leoline, notwithstanding his acknowledged professional talents, felt rather embarrassed, and scarcely could give a plausible coloring to his present conduct; but, if he will be kind enough to read a letter which the baronet wrote to Mr. Fairfax, he will recognise the masterly hand of the lawyer, and will do Hargrave the justice to confess he rose superior to the qualmish prejudices of the unfashionable part of the world. The following were its contents:—

“ Dear Sir,

“ The subject on which I have the honor to address you is no less delicate than painful; and I hope you will do me the justice to believe that, in speaking with the sincerity of an honorable man, I do the utmost violence to my feelings.

“ When you allowed me to become a

suitor to your amiable niece, you very properly insisted on delay, and that no positive engagement should be made on either side, as difference of temper, or circumstances which could not be foreseen, might render such an engagement injurious to each party.

“ Though this prudent arrangement could not but inflict the most painful privation on a lover, I did not offer any objection, for I felt its wisdom, and could not, consistently with the deference I owed the uncle of a young lady to whom I was paying my addresses, refuse acquiescence. When you afterward, dear sir, abridged the time of probation, and kindly fixed our nuptials to a less distant period, my heart gratefully acknowledged the favor, and I impatiently waited the happy day which would make a lady so lovely wholly mine, and ally me to a gentleman for whom I had so high an esteem.

“ But, while I was indulging in hopes so flattering to my love, obstacles, which neither of us could foresee, were gradually

rising to intervene between me and happiness. You, dear sir, pardon my frankness, after having honored me with your warm esteem, insensibly repented of the favors you had conferred ; your manner became cold, and I learned from Miss Fairfax that you did not think me calculated to make a kind husband. Had I listened to the voice of propriety, I should instantly have renounced claims so tenderly cherished, whatever I might have suffered ; but how could I withstand the tears and winning softness of a lovely young creature whose happiness seemed to be in my hands, and who generously risked offending her nearest friends by remaining constant in her attachment ? I was silent, and forbore to express the grief I felt at a change so unexpected, and, as I flattered myself, so unmerited ; hoping my future actions would prove I was still worthy of your regard, and implicitly believing that the amiable Eleonor was too well assured of my affection to suffer even the doubts of her honored relations to make any impression to

my disadvantage. The sequel, however, proved I was mistaken.

“ At the very time I was giving incontestable proofs of my attachment, Eleonor suddenly became captious and unhappy, and, the nearer the time of our union approached, the more her fretful humors increased. I kindly remonstrated, but my remonstrances were resented as the ebullitions of a tyrannical temper, and deemed as offensive as they were unjust: still she appeared to love me with unabating tenderness: by turns I soothed and reasoned, and she acknowledged her injustice, but the same scenes were no less frequently repeated.

“ I knew not how to act, or what medicine to administer to a diseased imagination that rejected every healing lenitive. Deeply as I was wounded by your late coldness and distrust, I hoped to regain your confidence, and to convince Eleonor of the injury she did herself and me by yielding thus to irrational sensibility; but I find I

have too highly estimated my influence ; it was presumption, indeed, on my part, to flatter myself it could overbalance the deference she owes to the opinion of so enlightened a guide ; and I am forced, however unwillingly, to subscribe to the prudence of that rejection which you advised. I too painfully perceive that your lovely niece could not be happy in an union which did not meet the approbation of her honored friends, and that, in despite of past experience and a husband's tenderness, she would continue to be preyed upon by fears, which, as they have an uncle's sanction, cannot but merit pity and forbearance, but which would inflict misery on all around her. I shall, therefore, grieved as I am to wound a heart so affectionate yet captious, save your lovely niece from future wretchedness, and myself from merited reproach, by conquering all selfish consideration, and relinquishing a claim, which, under different circumstances, I should have tenaciously guarded. Wishing your charming niece may soon recover

that tranquillity which neither my love nor her own sweet simplicity could secure, I return my unfeigned thanks for the honor intended me, and remain,

“ Dear sir,

“ Your obliged, humble servant,

“ HARGRAVE.”

“ *P. S.*—The sudden deaths of two near relations oblige me to quit London immediately ; if you should therefore think proper, dear sir, to favor me with a line in answer, be kind enough to direct to *Sir Leoline Hargrave, Bart., Bloomer-castle, Kent.*”

Judging the mind of Mr. Fairfax by the narrow selfishness which distinguished his own, sir Leoline, with malignant triumph, exulted in the mortification he fancied that gentleman would receive at finding his niece had missed the hand of a baronet, whose splendid wealth and connexions might pave the way to the highest honors. He did, it

is true, *condescend* to feel something like compassion for the cruel shock that awaited the affectionate Eleonor, but it was momentary: not being accustomed to yield to the softer emotions of pity, or in the habit of listening to the voice of conscience, Hargrave soon banished what he deemed a weakness unworthy of him, and stepped into the barouche-and-four which was to convey him to Bloomer-castle, without bestowing a parting regret on the lovely young creature whose affections he had so artfully intralled.

CHAP. X.

It is time to return to Campbel, whom we left courageously expecting death. When he was taken back to prison by his ferocious conductors, and again cast into a loathsome dungeon, the *conciérge* said—"I'll be sworn you don't like your lodging, though you put on a brave face: but don't fret yourself; you won't stay here long: if the guillotine does not do a kind turn for you, there are more ways than one of clearing the prisons of spies and traitors."

To this brutal speech Campbel, feeling more pity than indignation, made no answer. The *conciérge*, giving him a piece of mouldy bread and a jug of water, barricaded the iron door, and left the prisoner to his own reflections.

The crisis was awful; but, sustained by the firm integrity of virtue, and those hopes which enlightened piety cannot fail to bestow, death appeared divested of terror to

the noble-minded victim of despotism ; nor did the cruelty and injustice he experienced excite feelings of revenge, or narrow the glowing benevolence of his soul. Armed with that philosophy which teaches forbearance, and makes the happiness and improvement of man its worthy goal, Campbel prepared to meet his fate with firm equanimity, and exulted in the belief that even the mistakes of man had their source in good.

“ Yes,” said Archibald, inspired with divine enthusiasm, “ man is not innately wicked ; his very errors originate in feelings of virtue. Deeply as he plunges in moments of ungoverned passion into guilt, he is capable of sublime efforts. His contrition, when the effervescence of rage is passed, no less vivid, rouses him to a sense of his godlike faculties and his noble nature ; he beholds his crimes with horror ; and, ashamed to have degraded gifts so divine, returns with increased ardor to expand knowledge, cherish virtue, and benefit the

human race ! This shall be my consolation in the awful hour of death ! This shall teach me to meet unmerited obloquy with the fortitude that becomes a man. Oh, Fairfax—St. Hubert ! honored friends of my heart, you alone make victory hard ! Could I but see you once more, could I but know you are happy, that an angel would not be sacrificed to one who perhaps will make her wretched, no pang would embitter my last moments !”

Affected by recollections no less tender than vivid, Campbel, sick at heart, leaned against the wall. Ashamed, however, of this momentary weakness, he roused himself, and paced his narrow dungeon with an agitated step ; but he struggled manfully, and soon recovered his fortitude. In less than half an hour the door of his dungeon was again flung open, and the *conciérge*, with ferocious exultation in his eye, gave him an open paper.

“ I told you, citizen,” said the man, in a surly tone, “ you would not long occupy

a lodging so ill to your liking ; in the evening, or early to-morrow morning, you will be led to execution."

Campbel a second time was left alone : his doom was now fixed : the image of the lovely Eleonor and that of his revered guardian swam before his eyes ; and the uncertainty in which he was concerning all that was most interesting to him wrung his heart with a pang more severe than any torture could inflict : but his fortitude was unshaken.

Several hours elapsed in the alternate anguish of agonizing affection, and a severe, but finally successful, struggle with the feelings of the lover and the man. The day was now far spent ; a crust of hard bread and a draught of water was all that he had taken for nearly twenty-four hours ; but he felt no want of food, though a parching thirst dried his throat. Just as evening fell, the heavy door of his dungeon a third time was unbolted ; the *conciérge* entered with a national soldier, and Campbel ex-

pected he was summoned to death : he did not, however, shrink, or betray any signs of fear, but waited the summons in dignified silence.

“ Citizen Englishman,” said the soldier, whose countenance and voice were very different from those of his former conductors, “ I am sent by the president of the Convention—”

“ To lead me to death,” interrupted Campbel, with calm dignity.—“ Well, I am prepared : but I again solemnly declare I am innocent of the odious crime alleged against me. I am no spy, but a British subject, and a man of honor. If your rulers can reconcile it to their conscience to murder an innocent man, I am ready to follow you.”

“ Thank Heaven, citizen,” said the soldier, approaching Campbel, and speaking in an under voice, “ I came on a very different errand than that which you suppose ; I come to set you free.”

For a few seconds surprise robbed Camp-

bel of utterance ; but he still maintained that equanimity which distinguishes the great man alike in sudden good fortune or overwhelming calamity.

“ Is it possible,” said Archibald, addressing himself to the soldier, “ that those who were determined this morning to find me guilty should now be convinced of my innocence ?”

“ I can give you no information on that head, citizen ; but the president sent me with an order for your release, and I am happy to congratulate a brave man on his deliverance.”—The soldier then withdrew.

“ Come, citizen,” said the *conciérge*, in a surly tone, addressing himself to Campbel, “ there is a *citoyenne* in my parlor that wants to speak with you.”

“ Indeed !” said Campbel, with extreme surprise. “ Did she tell her name ?”

“ Her name is nothing to you,” continued the *conciérge* ; “ I was ordered to answer no questions, so don’t keep the *citoyenne* waiting, but come along.”

The man then led the way, muttering imprecations against the English between his teeth ; and Campbel, who was acquainted with no woman except his landlady, who had been confined for months to the house, could not imagine who the stranger could be. When the *conciérge* brought Archibald to his apartment, he there found a lady veiled, and seated at a window : on their entrance, without lifting up her veil, the lady whispered the *conciérge* : she gave him money, and he immediately left the room. Campbel, whose curiosity was raised to the climax, on his departure asked the lady what were her commands.

“ You probably will not recollect me, sir,” said the lady, raising her veil, and discovering to Campbel the person who had betrayed so great an interest in his fate during the mock trial.

“ Oh, yes, madam, you are the lady who sat near the bar of the Convention this morning.”

“ Yes, sir, and her whom in London

some months ago you protected from insult in the royal gardens."

"The anxious cares in which I have been involved, almost ever since, I hope will plead in excuse for my treacherous memory; for I can conscientiously assure you, madam, this unexpected meeting gives me unaffected pleasure."

"I instantly recognised you, sir, this morning; and, if my countenance did justice to my feelings, you must have read the indignation which the relentless persecution of your sanguinary judges excited. With heartfelt pleasure I congratulate you on your safety."

"The interest, madam, you take in my fate, does honor to your humanity: but may I not be allowed to ask to whom I am indebted for life and freedom?" said Campbell, persuaded that he beheld his generous preserver in the lovely stranger.

"To your own virtues, sir."

"Pardon my presumption, madam, but I think I can discover the saviour of my

life, though she modestly evades the just tribute of gratitude and veneration."

"If an act of justice excite your gratitude," said the lady, "inform your countrymen, when you return, that humanity, though fearfully warped by frantic passion, is not totally extinct in the bosoms of the French."

"And will you not suffer me to know the name of my generous benefactress?" respectfully urged Campbel.

"This is my name," said the lady, giving him a card, "but it is my husband who has been the happy instrument of your deliverance. Though one of the members of the Convention, and perhaps the most conspicuous for his talents and energy of mind, he abhors those sanguinary measures which, alas! he cannot prevent; but he does not always openly oppose the measures of his colleagues, though he shudders at their barbarity, for he has found, by fatal experience, that opposition has too often accelerated the sacrifice of those he wished to save. Per-

sonal danger he boldly defies ; but, for the sake of suffering humanity, he unites prudence with courage, and many have owed their lives to his secret but zealous exertions. This morning, just before your trial, he came off a long journey, and was prevented, by indisposition, from assisting at the tribunal of the Convention ; perhaps his absence was fortunate, for his indignation could scarcely have kept within bounds, and, by giving utterance to his feelings, he might have put it out of his power to have snatched you from the grasp of savage rage. But when, on my return, I made him acquainted with the odious injustice you had suffered, described the manly fortitude with which you had faced your oppressors, and informed him, in addition to this, that it was you, sir, who had protected me against insult in a foreign country, that zealous interest which oppressed virtue never failed to excite in my husband was ten-fold increased. Mental energy surmounted bodily fatigue ; he rose

from his couch, and would not rest till he had obtained a revocation of a sentence which would have consigned the memory of your judges to eternal infamy. He would have come, in person, to have acknowledged your former politeness, had he not felt unequal to further exertion."

"The circumstance was too trivial, madam, to merit your recollection, but the generous zeal you have shewn to save my life will claim my eternal gratitude. May your noble husband long live to curb the phrensy of party violence, and prove to the admiring world that the legislature of France, though convulsed, for the moment, by anarchy and terror, is not utterly destitute of patriots, who, inspired with Roman virtue, nobly devote themselves to the cause of justice and humanity."

"Oh, sir," interrupted the lady, fervently clasping her hands, "how gladly would I resign a life, comparatively worthless, to secure that of the best and noblest of men !

He wishes to teach me fortitude, of which I am daily a witness ; but, alas ! the fears of affection are frequently but too prophetic. My husband is deservedly popular, and is rising daily in the public estimation (for it is not the multitude, but individuals, that have let all the fiend-like passions loose); but he is surrounded by sanguinary men, who are his rivals in power : they hate the patriot whose actions are a tacit but an open satire on their excesses, and they suffer him to rise only to make his downfall more terrific and certain ! I shall see him dragged before that tribunal from whose ferocious rage he has so often snatched the innocent. The populace are timid and fickle, and his life will fall a bleeding sacrifice to ambition and rancor !”

Unable to proceed, Madame ***** sunk on her chair : a hectic glow overspread her cheeks, but it was soon succeeded by a pallid hue, which gave her countenance additional expression. Campbel, whose heart glowed with gratitude, admiration, and pity, gazed

on the lovely stranger with increased interest.

“ Forgive this weakness,” said she, recovering herself, “ I did not mean to intrude my personal griefs on you ; but, did you know *him* for whose safety I tremble, you would sympathize in my feelings, and I fearlessly make a claim on your justice and zeal in behalf of a husband as revered as he is beloved. Should you hear his character traduced by the prejudiced or malignant, or his memory blackened by the imputation of crimes he would have shuddered to commit, tell his defamers that during ten happy years an adoring wife has seen him in the constant practice of every virtue ; that she has known him, more than once, risk his life in defence of the oppressed ; and that she never experienced a moment’s anguish in the most fortunate of unions till the reign of terror caused her to tremble for the safety of her husband ”

“ Madam,” said Campbel, respectfully kissing her outstretched hand, “ while I

exist I shall reverence the saviours of my life, and I shall proclaim those virtues which will immortalize the name of their possessor. Prejudice and party rancor may conjure up phantoms to scare the multitude, and justify the illiberal aspersions cast on the great and good ; but truth must finally triumph, and the voice of justice and gratitude cannot wholly be silenced by their passionate clamors."

" You must quit Paris immediately, sir," continued Madame * * * *, "or my husband cannot answer for your safety. Here is an American passport, and here are your papers and pocket-book, which you will find has not been stripped of the notes it contained. May Heaven guide you in safety to your native country ! and may the intestine convulsions that for the moment agitate France subside into peace, harmony, and patriotic emulation ! but spare, oh Heaven ! spare him whose noble energies are directed to his country's welfare, and whose life is devoted to the cause of justice and humanity !"

The countenance of Madame ***** beamed with an expression almost celestial : her fine dark eyes and clasped hands were raised to Heaven, while her cheek was moistened with tears, Campbel with difficulty could forbear falling at her feet, and paying her homage as to a superior being. She at length rose, put down her veil, and, telling Archibald to follow, quitted the apartment. They left the prison, and, at the entrance, found two coaches in waiting.

“ Adieu, sir,” said Madame *****; “may your virtues be your guardian angels ! That *fiacre* is for you ! Lose no time, but quit Paris immediately ! Once more, accept my fervent wishes for your safety, and my grateful thanks ! Farewell !”

The lovely stranger stepped into one of the *fiacres* and drove off, followed by the blessings of the youth she had preserved, and Campbel placed himself in the other ; but, not deeming it prudent to return to his former lodgings, he ordered the coachman to

drive to the nearest *auberge*, where he passed the night.

The feelings of Campbel had been too strongly excited to be immediately calmed : his heart glowed with gratitude and admiration, and it exulted that his confidence in the native virtue of man had been justified. The image of the lovely stranger haunted his slumbers, and they retraced the recent events of the day ; imagination was busy ; now it pictured the noble husband of his benefactress pleading the cause of humanity to an admiring audience, and melting every heart with his persuasive yet energetic eloquence ; now it represented the republican legislator braving the persecution of his enemies, and torn from the arms of his distracted wife, to be dragged to the guillotine, where he was loaded with invective and insult, which he bore with unshaken fortitude and dignified resignation. The images of Eleonor and Hargrave also intruded, to add to the confusion and horror of the scene ;

he saw the beloved of his heart at the foot of the altar with her unworthy lover ; the marriage ceremony was read, the fatal vows were pronounced ; but, as Eleonor turned to hide her blushes in the bosom of her aunt, the bridegroom drew out a dagger, and stabbed her to the heart !

Such were the images which his imagination conjured up, and which prevented him from taking that rest of which he was so much in need.

CHAP. XI.

THE sudden aggrandisement of her beloved Hargrave was unknown to Eleonor and her excellent friends till just before the letter of that gentleman came. Mr. Fairfax took in a paper, in which the intelligence of the deaths of Sir Christopher and his son had not been inserted, and it did not till then happen to reach them. The day on which Sir Leoline wrote the masterly epistle we have read, Eleonor was in excellent health and spirits; the baronet had spent the foregoing evening at the house of Mr. Fairfax, who had received company. Hargrave, having an opportunity to display his eloquence and fascinating powers to advantage, had been in excellent humor; and, moreover, little dreaming that his uncle and cousin had kindly taken a journey to the other world, to put him in possession of a title and an estate of thirty thousand a year, he had parted from that young lady with

well-acted tenderness. It is true, that, on the morning of that day, Sir Leoline had given way to a fit of ill humor ; but the tears and gentle remonstrances of his intended bride had brought him soon to his recollection, and made him redouble his assiduity toward the enthusiastic and too-forgiving Eleonor. Little did either of them foresee *that* was to be the last time they were to meet as lovers !

About half an hour before the letter of Hargrave arrived, Mrs. Fairfax and Eleonor were sitting at work after tea, in confidential discourse. Mr. Fairfax had stepped out, for an hour, to visit a sick friend, and Eleonor was gratefully expatiating on the affectionate behaviour of her beloved Leoline to the kind aunt, who listened with mingled apprehension and hope to the sweet enthusiast. While they were conversing, Mr. Fairfax returned ; both ladies remarked that he appeared more than usually thoughtful.

“ How serious you look, my dear,” said

Mrs. Fairfax, as her husband placed himself by the fire-side. "I hope you did not find your friend worse?"

"No, Maria; I am happy to say he is much better."

"Then, I own, I am at a loss to divine why you should appear so grave, my dear."

"The intelligence I have just learned, though it will appear excellent to you, my dear Eleonor," continued Mr. Fairfax, addressing himself to his niece, "has, I confess, thrown me into a train of thought more than usually serious."

"Is Eleonor personally interested in it, then?" asked the kind aunt, with mingled anxiety and surprise.

"She is," replied Mr. Fairfax, suppressing a sigh, "for it concerns ——"

"Surely it cannot relate to my dear Leoline?" interrupted Eleonor with eager impatience.

"It does most nearly."

"Indeed! pray, pray, let us hear!"

"Mr. Hargrave, by the sudden deaths

of Sir Christopher Hargrave and his son, is become heir to a title, and one of the finest estates in England."

" Good Heavens ! is it possible ? How happy I am that his talents and virtues will be raised to their proper sphere ! You have seen him then, dear uncle ?"

" No ; I accidentally read the account of the death of the late baronet and his son in the *Times* of this morning, at my friend's house. Mr. Hargrave, perhaps, may yet be ignorant of his good fortune."

" Oh, yes, or he would have written to me, or brought the intelligence himself ! He knows how truly I sympathize in every pain and pleasure of those I love. Beside, though he is well assured the acquisition of a title and estate cannot render him more dear to my heart, he would be eager to make me acknowledge that honors, which I should neither covet nor prize for their own sake, will derive value from the beloved hand from which they will flow !"

" My dear Eleonor," said Mr. Fairfax,

kindly taking her hand, “ it is far from my wish to give you unnecessary pain; but let me, as your tenderest friend, seriously caution you against yielding implicit faith to your unsuspecting generous heart. You are young, enthusiastic, and, though you have received a lesson which ought to put you on your guard, are almost as ignorant of the world as the new-born infant. A young counsellor, who has little or no fortune, but a great share of worldly ambition, might esteem himself happy to marry a young lady with thirty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and as much more in expectation; but, when this counsellor inherits a title, with an estate of thirty thousand a year—”

“ Oh, sir, what are wealth and titles, compared to the ineffable delights of affection? You do not know my Leoline!”

“ I fear, dear Eleonor, that I know him too well, and bitterly regret I did not at first see his character in the light in which, for some time past, it has painfully forced itself upon me. Though I have made your welfare

the object of my tenderest solicitude, perhaps I shall have the heartfelt grief to know, that my too-easy compliance with your romantic affection will have destroyed your future happiness."

" Oh, never, my dearest uncle ; your truly paternal anxiety will always claim my love, my veneration, and my warmest gratitude : but it is that anxiety which makes you unjust to the most sincere and disinterested of men. Yes ! I would pledge my life on the honor and affection of my dear Leoline !"

As this sentence burst with ardor from the lips of Eleonor, a loud single rap made her start ; and, during the pause which this sudden interruption occasioned, a letter was brought by a porter to the uncle. The direction caught the eye of Eleonor, unperceived by Mr. Fairfax, and, to her surprise, she recognised the hand of Hargravé. " He, no doubt, was acquainted with the unexpected change in his fortune, and, not being able to come himself, had written. Yet,

why write to her uncle, instead of herself? It was strange, but certainly he had a good reason for addressing that gentleman in preference ; he might want his advice, or wish him gradually to prepare her for the welcome tidings."

Any improbability, in short, that could ease the fears which now, in her own despite, began to assail her, was gladly seized as a possible motive for conduct so strange.

Mr. Fairfax likewise knew the handwriting, without being aware it had been noticed by his niece, and, having the watchful fears of prudence and affection, he would not speak till he should have perused the letter, the purport of which he partly guessed. Eleonor anxiously watched the countenance of Mr. Fairfax while he read the fatal letter ; she saw, with no little alarm, alternate indignation and contempt glisten in his eye ; but, when her uncle at length folded it up and put it into his pocket, unable to endure longer suspense, she told that gen-

tleman she had recognised the hand of the amiable barrister.

“ Pray, dear uncle,” continued she, while her trembling fingers could scarcely hold her needle, “ let me read the letter ; you look disturbed ! something, I fear, is wrong ! my mind is on the rack ! Oh, Leoline ! he cannot, surely he cannot ——”

Unable to proceed, poor Eleonor sunk on a chair, and the kind aunt hung over her with anxious tenderness.

“ My dearest Eleonor,” said Mr. Fairfax, tenderly soothing the lovely sufferer, “ be calm ! Recollect that fortitude is the noblest, as gentleness is the sweetest, endowment of your sex. The man, or rather the wretch, who can deceive a pure and affectionate heart, is unworthy a moment’s regret ; and when, to treachery and deceit, he adds unfeeling selfishness and mean subterfuge, he merits only tenfold contempt.”

“ Contempt !” exclaimed Eleonor, clasping her hands in agony : “ Oh, Leoline, con-

tempt coupled with your name ! No, no ! it cannot be ! You cannot have deserved it ! Rather let me think my honored uncle is under a mistake than believe treachery and deceit can lurk in the noblest of hearts !”

“ Dear Eleonor, let me, once more, conjure you to be calm ! Deeply as it grieves me to wound your affectionate unsuspecting heart, I dare not leave you in an error so injurious to your future peace. To find the man, in whose disinterested affection you placed unbounded confidence, a selfish hypocrite, is, I own, a blow no less severe than unexpected. But, severe as the lesson is, my dear girl, it is, perhaps, the most fortunate event of your life. Had you married your unworthy lover, having taken possession of your fortune, he would soon have thrown off the mask of love, and betrayed all the selfishness of a narrow mind : his fretful humors, and mean suspicions, would have been indulged with little restraint, and you would have been wedded to domestic misery, from which neither your

principles nor the affectionate gentleness of your disposition would have suffered you to escape. Read this letter, my love, and then judge whether I am unjust to Sir Leoline, or whether you ought to regret the loss of such a lover."

Eleonor, pale and trembling, took the letter ; though reason pointed out the fallacy of indulging hope, her heart still refused to condemn him, who had so entirely won her affection and esteem. Nothing less than the evidence of his own hand could convince her that her uncle was not under some mistake.

When she read the letter, which her eagerness to discover, if possible, some extenuating circumstance, gave her the fortitude to go through, her anguish was extreme at finding Sir Leoline had not only renounced her, but, as her uncle had hinted, had been guilty of mean subterfuge, to give a plausible color to his selfish and dishonorable conduct, and could not find vent in tears. She returned the letter to Mr. Fairfax with forced com-

posure ; but her countenance betrayed the agony of her heart, and a deep sigh was ready to burst from her oppressed bosom : proper pride, however, and the fear of making her honored relations unhappy, made her struggle with her feelings.

“ Dear uncle,” said the amiable sufferer, exerting the most painful self-command, “ the blow is indeed severe, but it has been brought on by my own imprudence. I too late feel the wisdom of your warning advice, the kindness of which my heart always gratefully acknowledged. I hope I shall yet prove I am not unworthy of your tender solicitude : no change can rob me of the affection of yourself and my dear aunt ; that conviction will surely give me fortitude to conquer unavailing grief !”

“ Charming, noble girl,” exclaimed Mr. Fairfax, tenderly embracing his niece, “ your fortitude surpasses my expectation ; nor will it, I hope, be unrewarded. Disappointment, when borne with dignified patience, frequently lays the foundation of future hap-

piness. Yes, dear Eleonor, you are the daughter of our affection, the pride and delight of our hearts! We will watch over your welfare, if possible, with increasing anxiety."

The reader will easily imagine, notwithstanding the generous effort she made to subdue her feelings in the presence of her honored friends, that, when she retired to her own room, poor Eleonor did not find that rest of which her agitated frame was so much in need. To lose the lover, on whom her pure enthusiastic affections had been fixed, would have been a blow sufficiently severe; but, in addition to this, to find the man, whom her imagination had gifted with every virtue, destitute equally of principle and feeling, a selfish hypocrite, capable of falsehood no less mean than despicable, inflicted a wound so deep, that death would have come as a blessing to the suffering Eleonor.

Mr. Fairfax and his lady, though deeply grieved at the unmerited suffering of their

beloved niece, finding the judgment they had lately formed of the unprincipled baronet to be just, were sincerely rejoiced at the fortunate escape of that young lady, especially as they now saw a possibility that the favorite wish of their heart might be accomplished, and the affections of their dear Eleonor might, in course of time, be transferred from a worthless object to the noble-minded Campbel. The kind aunt and uncle were likewise deceived by the forced composure Eleonor had assumed, and flattered themselves that, severe as the trial was, the health and peace of the injured sufferer would not be seriously affected. Alas! what would have been their grief could they have foreseen the cruel blow which awaited them?

CHAP. XII.

WE left Campbel at an *auberge*, where he spent the night: he rose the next morning little refreshed by his slumbers, and, after he had provided himself with necessary wearing apparel, he quitted Paris. Thinking it would be prudent to return by the way of Holland, he made an expeditious journey through Flanders, and safely reached Amsterdam, from which port he intended to take his passage for England by the first packet that should sail. It was early in the morning when Campbel arrived: he put up at a good inn, which was kept by an Englishman. Having breakfasted, he went to take his passage on board a vessel that was to sail the next day; and, after slightly viewing the town, returned.

Shortly after, as he was sitting in his room, reading a French pamphlet, his attention was suddenly diverted from the book

by a noise in the street. Campbel opened the window, and looked out : two foreigners were in high dispute at a little distance on the opposite side of the way, and had collected a crowd : their gestures were menacing, and their voices loud and angry : at length they turned down another street, and Archibald was going to shut the window, when his attention was again excited by an elderly quaker, who stood on the step of the inn-door, beside the landlord ; and, when the angry foreigners walked away, said in English—" Verily, a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

" True, sir," replied the innkeeper, " I can't say I care to have words with any one ; but, if an impudent fellow will quarrel with me, I can't put up with an affront any more than my neighbors."

" Verily, friend, I say unto thee," remonstrated the quaker with grave solemnity, ' only by pride cometh contention : ' ' In a multitude of words there wanteth not sin ; but he that refraineth his lips is wise. ' "

“ I shall not be so bold, sir, as to contradict any gentleman,” answered mine host; “ but I must say that, when a man affronts me without any provocation, I give him his own back again, and think it no sin neither.”

“ Verily, verily, friend,” interrupted the quaker, with rising impatience, “ Scripture teacheth us that ‘ it is an honor for a man to cease from strife,’ but ‘ he that hath no rule over his spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls.’ ‘ The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God,’ saith the apostle James. ‘ Whoso keepeth his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.’”

Thus speaking, the quaker walked gravely into the house. At first Campbel could not see the countenance of the stranger, but in the voice and characteristic remarks of that gentleman he thought he recognised an old acquaintance, whom the reader, probably, has not forgotten. When the latter, as he entered the inn, turned his face, Archibald, with no little pleasure, found that his con-

jectures were right, and that the stranger was the worthy Mr. Job Gilson.

Campbel rung the bell for the waiter, and sent his name with a respectful message to the quaker, who immediately admitted his visit: their congratulations were mutual and sincere. Finding Archibald had no acquaintance in the place, and that he was to set sail on the morrow, Mr. Gilson, who was a friendly man, and, as we before said, impressed with a high opinion of Campbel, proposed that they should spend the day together; a proposal which met the eager consent of his young friend, who had seen enough of the worthy quaker to wish to see more.

“ Verily, friend Campbel,” said Mr. Job Gilson, “ it rejoiceth me to meet with a good Samaritan in the land where Mammon hath fixed his abode. The word of God, it is true, is in the mouth of the preacher, but the buyers and sellers have taken possession of the temple. Verily, I hold fair and honorable commerce to be a tower of national

strength ; but the nation that maketh wealth her idol, sooner or later is overtaken by divine judgment.”

Campbel had the satisfaction to learn from Mr. Job Gilson, who had come to Rotterdam about a month before, that Charles Eustace, by his excellent conduct, had so ingratiated himself into the esteem of his master, that, on the young man's consenting to adopt the dress of the quakers, the latter had given him his daughter in marriage, and had promised in another year to take him into partnership. The young man was now his foreman ; and, in the absence of his master, conducted the whole of the concern.

Campbel likewise heard with regret that the worthy quaker had met with recent and severe losses, owing to the failure of a mercantile house in London, with which he was in correspondence. Mr. Job Gilson, however, spoke of the matter with Christian patience ; and he hoped before he returned to England, which he did not expect to

see for four or five months, to partly indemnify himself.

Mr. Gilson spoke of his son-in-law with no less pride than affection, and again expressed the high esteem which the conduct of Campbel, in the affair of the duel, had excited. The kind inquiries which he made naturally led Campbel to mention his residence in France, and to lament the intestine troubles and external dangers which seemed to threaten the overthrow of one of the first nations in Europe.

“ Verily, friend Campbel,” said the worthy quaker, with a deep sigh, “ the holy Scripture prophesieth ‘ nation shall rise against nation, the brother shall betray the brother, and children shall rise up against their parents.’ The heart shuddereth to think these prophecies, through succeeding ages, have fearfully come to pass : the parables of the Gospels are familiar to many, but few indeed putteth in practice the Christian charity which they teach ! How fearfully doth the rod of divine chastisement now scourge the

distracted land of France ! How deep in blood do her raging tyrants wade !”

“ The times are indeed fearful ! Yet, amid the most criminal excesses, it is some consolation that we have not unfrequently seen acts of heroic virtue ; acts which command our warmest admiration, and which will live in the annals of history to stimulate men to all that is great and good !”

“ Yea, verily, it bringeth consolation to the heart : for how should man be saved by faith, if he beholdeth the works of Satan omnipotent ? ‘ Man, that is cast in the image of his Maker, hath not a heart obdurate in vice ;’ and shall not the integrity of one righteous soul outweigh the transgressions of ten sinners in the scale of divine judgment ? Yea, verily, ‘ for the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever !’ ”

While Campbel and Mr. Gilson were conversing, the servant of the latter brought letters from the English post-office to his master : they were from Charles Eustace and his wife ; and the worthy quaker, ex-

cusing himself to Campbel, went to the window to read them. Having finished, he returned with a countenance that betrayed the intelligence these letters had brought was not of a pleasant nature.

“ I hope your son and daughter are well, sir,” said Archibald, who could not help remarking the changed countenance of his friend.”

“ Verily, my daughter aileth nought, but sickness hath overtaken thy friend, Charles Eustace.”

“ I am exceedingly sorry to hear it, dear sir ; but I hope he is not seriously ill ?”

“ He complaineth not ; but my daughter, Jesse, writeth in tribulation of spirit : she telleth me he hath applied too close to business during my absence ; yea, verily, and hath been afflicted, not only with violent and continued aching of the head, but with an intermitting fever. Verily,” continued Mr. Job Gilson, wiping the starting tear, “ the young man is clean of heart, and hath deserved well of me and mine : it grieveth

me sore that he should be overtaken by sickness, but the hand that smiteth alike can heal. The murmuring of the spirit bringeth not deliverance from woe. ‘ Man is of few days, and full of trouble ;’ but ‘ the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning.’ ”

“ Mr. Eustace is an excellent young man, and I am not astonished, dear sir, that you should feel so anxious ; but the fears of an affectionate wife may have too easily taken alarm. The next letters you receive, I hope, will bring better tidings.”

“ Verily, friend Campbel, Scripture saith, ‘ boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth !’ ‘ Man cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness.’ The ways of Providence are hidden from man, but the path of righteousness maketh itself plain. He that hath a faithful servant hath a treasure more precious than gold or rubies ; and he that for lucre would sin against Christian charity sinneth against his own soul. Verily, could I abide here three months longer,

and then proceed to Hamburg, I should lay in stock to great advantage, and make the voyage of profit: as it now happeneth I shall be a loser, and my losses of late have been heavy; but my spirit cleaveth unto the young man, and the divine commandment telleth us to ‘do unto others as we would be done unto.’”

“You probably then intend, sir, to take your passage by the packet that sets sail to-morrow?”

“Yea, verily, friend Campbel, and it comforteth me that I shall have the presence of, and hold communion with, so righteous a youth.”

Campbel paused a moment. The disinterested spirit and warmth of feeling which the worthy quaker had displayed increased the respect he had conceived for the character of that gentleman, and inspired no less regret that such a man should sustain injury. Archibald, it is true, was anxious to ease the cruel suspense which pressed upon his mind, and return to England: a

prolonged absence of six months was a trial which required all his fortitude to bear ; but ought he not in such a case to sacrifice his own immediate gratification, if he could serve a worthy man ? Did not prudence warn him to shun the society of her whom he could never hope to obtain ? His decision was soon taken.

“ I feel myself honored by your partiality, dear sir,” replied Campbel, “ and hope that you will allow me in England to cultivate your acquaintance, and that of your worthy son-in-law.”

“ Yea, verily,” interrupted Mr. Gilson, Job Gilson honoreth thee, and thy friend Charles Eustace cleaveth unto the godly youth that turned him from the ways of foolishness and sin. ‘ He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.’ ”

“ Permit me, dear sir, to ask,” continued Campbel, “ if the mercantile business you are obliged to leave undone might not be transacted by a third person ?”

“ Verily it might, had I friends or any

fixed connexions in this city ; but, though I suspect no man, prudence counselleth us to put not trust in strangers.”

“ If you will favor me with proper instructions, dear sir, I shall be happy to defer my intended departure. I am the master of my own time, and cannot better employ it than by serving a gentleman I truly respect.”

This offer, which Campbel made with cordial sincerity, and which was no less unexpected than agreeable, after a little hesitation, was thankfully accepted by Mr. Job Gilson. That gentleman made the necessary money arrangements with Campbel, with whom he settled a channel of correspondence, and on the following day set sail for England, imbued with the most grateful esteem for his young friend, and with no less anxiety for his worthy son-in-law.

“ Friend Campbel,” said the quaker, shaking him cordially by the hand at parting, “ the advantage which will accrue unto

me by thy friendly offer gladdeth not so much the spirit as the Christian charity which pervadeth thy actions, and the wisdom which guideth thy youth.” ‘The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel :’ ‘To him who soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward :’ A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children’s children.’ ‘Trouble hath taken hold of me ;’ but he that fainteth in the day of adversity lacketh strength, and is of little faith. Verily, verily, friend Campbel, I say unto thee, the Lord hath ‘established thy goings,’ and thou shalt have ‘the help of his countenance.’ ‘Honor abideth in the house of wisdom ;’ ‘length of days is in her right hand ;’ ‘her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’”

Campbel wrote to England, by the packet in which Mr. Gilson took his passage, to give his honored guardian a brief history of the dangers he had escaped, and to express the cruel suspense which had so long preyed upon his mind : he likewise wrote to Count

St. Hubert. We shall leave him awhile in anxious expectation of an answer from his friends, and return to Eleonor, whom we left struggling to conquer feelings that were keen as they were natural.

CHAP. XIII.

THE wound which the peace of the too-generous and confiding Eleonor received was no less deep than it was bitter, but her fortitude did honor to her heart and understanding. During a fortnight, Eleonor, when in the presence of her kind friends, who scarcely ever left her alone, resolutely stifled the anguish which internally preyed upon her, but the exertion cost that young lady dear: days that were passed in the most painful self-restraint were followed by nights of waking wretchedness, which brought on fever, and equally affected both her mind and frame; yet, unaware of the dangerous nature of such disorders, she would not complain, but suffered in patient silence, till, no longer able to support the conflict of mental and bodily disease, she fell dangerously ill. The violence of the fever was so great, and the symptoms attending it were so alarming, that the family physician, a gentleman emi-

nent for his professional skill, thought it necessary to call in more medical aid ; but, notwithstanding their united efforts, and the assiduous cares of her afflicted relations, Eleonor grew so much worse that her life was despaired of.

After a week, however, of heart-rending suspense, the fever of Eleonor came to a crisis : during several hours the most fatal termination was apprehended ; but youth, and a constitution naturally strong, at length conquered the violence of the disease : a favorable change took place in the suffering patient ; she was pronounced out of danger ; and Mr. Fairfax and his lady, with the most heartfelt joy, saw their beloved niece restored, though slowly, to health.

Awakened by this warning and terrible lesson to a sense of her former imprudence, and now thoroughly aware of the danger of indulging in romantic enthusiasm, Eleonor made energetic efforts to chase the unworthy Leoline from her heart ; but the task was more difficult than she was aware of. Her

wonted gaiety was succeeded by thoughtful seriousness ; and, though her temper continued to be gentle and affectionate, self-mistrust and apprehensive doubt, and a growing disgust to every thing that recalled the worthless Sir Leoline to her thoughts, imperceptibly stole on her mind.

The high and repeated eulogiums which Mr. Fairfax and his lady bestowed on Campbel became irksome to her : she suppressed her impatience, however, out of respect to her honored friends, and she felt conscious that the alteration of her feelings toward Archibald did not originate in his demerits : the fear, however, lest the praise which Mr. Fairfax bestowed should have a meaning beyond the justice which was Campbel's due, insensibly seized her imagination, and gave her secret and increasing disquietude.

Mr. Fairfax and his lady, from prudential motives, would not make Eleonor acquainted with the attachment of Campbel till her mind should have somewhat recovered

from the shock it had received ; but they frequently made their young friend the theme of their discourse, not being aware that by so doing they were raising obstacles to the union of the two beings they most loved on earth.

It was just after the convalescence of Eleonor that war broke out between France and England ; and, not having heard from Campbel since he first went over, Mr. Fairfax began to feel a little anxious to learn whether or no he had proceeded on his tour to Germany. Being well acquainted with the prudence and moderation which characterized his young friend, he entertained no fears for his personal safety ; but he wished to know the place of his residence ; that he might communicate intelligence which he had no doubt would induce him to return to his country, and those friends who so deeply regretted his absence.

While Mr. Fairfax and his lady were anxiously expecting letters from their cherished young friend, an accidental encounter changed anxious impatience to ex-

cruciating alarm. Mr. Fairfax, being detained one day in the city by business till a late hour, dined with a banker of his acquaintance, in company with a French emigrant nobleman, who was no other than Count St. Hubert, and whose resemblance to Campbel forcibly struck Mr. Fairfax. After dinner the conversation fell upon the English nation, and the count expressed himself with almost rapturous enthusiasm in its praise.

“ You think very highly of my countrymen, sir,” said Mr. Fairfax, surprised at a warmth of approbation so uncommon.

“ I do indeed, sir, and with just reason.”

“ You have probably resided long in England, sir ; for you speak the language like a native?”

“ I have spent the best part of my life here, sir, and have had an opportunity of studying the manners of the country, and making myself acquainted with its virtues : but that is not all ; I am indebted for life to an Englishman ! Without the generous

assistance of the noblest of men, only a month since I must have fallen a victim to the persecuting cruelty of the republican regicides. While I exist I shall love and revere the English !”

“ Are you lately come from Paris, sir ?” asked Mr. Fairfax, hoping he might, perhaps, collect intelligence concerning Campbel.

“ I left it just before the war broke out.”

“ Perhaps, sir, you might chance to meet with Mr. Campbel, a young Englishman who greatly resembles you in person ?”

“ Good heavens ! are you, sir, acquainted with Mr. Campbel ?”

“ I have known him from a boy.”

“ I now recollect he spoke of a gentleman by the name of Fairfax with the highest respect : oh, sir, you know the noblest, the most generous of men ! He was my saviour, and is the dearest friend I have on earth !”

“ I am not surprised at what you tell me, sir,” replied Mr. Fairfax, “ and I am happy to meet the friend of a young gentleman for whom I have a father’s affection.”

He has not written since he first went to the continent, and, I confess, I begin to be uneasy at his silence. He wrote me word, before he left England, that he intended to proceed almost immediately to Germany: perhaps you can inform me whether he put his projected tour into execution. If you should happen to know where he now is, pray be kind enough to relieve my anxiety."

The reader will readily conceive what were the feelings of the count at so home-struck a question: he changed countenance, and turned so pale, that Mr. Fairfax, who sat opposite, and was looking at the count, began to be alarmed.

"I left Mr. Campbel at Paris," replied St. Hubert, struggling to overcome his feelings, that he might spare Mr. Fairfax the cruel alarm by which he was himself tormented; "but whether he is now there I am ignorant."

"Excuse my importunity, sir," said Mr. Fairfax, who was too deeply interested not

to observe the effort which the count made to appear calm ; “ but I am led to apprehend, from your countenance and manner, that something has happened to Mr. Campbell, which the fear of inflicting pain induces you to conceal. Let me entreat you, sir, to tell me all you know, for nothing is more dreadful than suspense.”

“ Dreadful, indeed !” exclaimed the count, with a deep sigh, “ and most of all dreadful to those who are preyed upon by the reproaches of an upbraiding conscience !”

“ You greatly alarm me, sir ; pray be explicit,” said Mr. Fairfax, whose countenance now betrayed as much agitation as that of the count.

“ To save my life your noble young friend forced me to take the passport he had obtained to return to this country, which he was anxious to visit before he proceeded to Germany ; and under his name I effected my escape. I long resisted this generous sacrifice to friendship, but I had a wife and family, who were left friendless in a foreign

country : if I were taken, my death was inevitable. Mr. Campbel, finding me unmoved by personal danger, roused the excruciating fears of the husband and father, enforced his noble offer with zealous energy, and overruled the warning voice of friendship. Oh, why did I yield? why did I leave my preserver at the mercy, perhaps, of sanguinary and lawless tyrants? Would that I had been deaf to entreaty, that I had braved their vengeance !”

This intelligence, as it will be naturally supposed, inflicted excruciating anguish on the excellent Mr. Fairfax : but he was too just to feel enmity toward a gentleman whose generous self-indignation and warmth of feeling proved he was not unworthy of the sacrifice which Campbel had made. The benevolence of his heart urged him, grieved as he was, to sooth the mental agony of the count ; and the affectionate respect he bore his late ward induced him to invite St. Hubert to his house.

“ Our regard for Mr. Campbel,” said Mr. Fairfax, giving his hand to the count,

“is mutual, and the sympathy of our feelings, dear sir, will mitigate their bitterness. Let us hope,” continued that gentleman, wiping away the starting tear, “we shall share the heartfelt joy to find that our fears are no less unfounded than they are excruciating, and that we shall again embrace our noble friend !”

“Till I know he is in safety I cannot be at peace with my own heart! nor is my beloved Julia less anxious for the preserver of her husband. Oh, sir, I have lost near and dear friends in this sanguinary revolution! A friend whose virtues might vie with those of the noble Campbel, whose loss I must ever deplore, fell by the ruthless hand of the regicides: his death inflicted a wound too deep to ever be entirely healed; but, should Mr. Campbel fall a victim to his generous friendship, I should be hateful to myself, and life would become a burden.”

The feelings of the count were overwhelming: he rose from table, excused himself to the company, and retired. Mr. Fair-

fax returned home with a heavy heart, and, when he communicated the alarming intelligence he had received, the fears of his lady were no less poignant. Eleonor, notwithstanding the altered state of her feelings toward Campbel, could not deny the tribute of admiration which his noble self-devotion claimed, and she sympathized in the heart-rending apprehensions of her honored friends. To have secured the safety of the generous Archibald she would have willingly sacrificed a life that now had little charms for her; but she felt that even the preservation of so noble a youth, in the present state of her mind, could scarcely induce her to sacrifice a freedom she had so dearly regained.

St. Hubert, preyed upon as he was by agonizing alarm and indignant self-reproach, would not seek relief to his own feelings by adding to the uneasiness of the worthy Mr. Fairfax: he therefore determined not to avail himself of the kind invitation he had received from that gentleman while he re-

mained in a state of suspense which every day became more excruciating.

Three weeks had now elapsed since Mr. Fairfax had met the count, and he, like that gentleman, was preyed upon by the most excruciating fears, when the letter of Campbel arrived; and it came like a reprieve to the condemned wretch. The reader will easily picture to himself the delight with which it was received by Mr. Fairfax and his lady, who had always entertained a maternal affection for Archibald. Eleonor, on her part, sincerely rejoiced in the safety of Campbel, but his intended return to England gave her no less pain than it gave her aunt and uncle delight: still she had sufficient self-command to conceal what she felt, and not to wound her honored relations by forbearing to offer her meed of congratulation.

Mr. Fairfax, little aware that a change so unfavorable to his own views and the love of Campbel had taken place in Eleonor's mind, wrote immediately in answer, made

Archibald partially acquainted with the events that had happened during his absence, and anticipated future happiness and success to the vows of his cherished young friend.

The feelings of the count, in learning the imminent danger and almost miraculous escape of Campbel, if possible, were more poignant than those of Mr. Fairfax; and, though he had not the least doubt but that Archibald had written to his honored guardian, he immediately waited on that gentleman, who received St. Hubert with cordial pleasure, and introduced him to his wife and niece. The ladies requested him to introduce them to his amiable countess, and Mr. Fairfax again solicited an intercourse which would be productive of mutual gratification: this, however, the count was obliged for the present to decline. The day before the letter of Campbel had arrived, St. Hubert had been surprised by the visit of a relation of his wife's, a rich merchant, who had resided many years in the East Indies,

and who, not thinking it safe to return to France, came over in an English vessel. He had determined to fix his abode in Edinburgh, and, having lately lost his only child, had gone to London in search of his niece, whom he cordially invited, with her husband, to follow him to Scotland, promising to make his niece and her children his heirs. Such an offer, in their circumstances, was too advantageous to be rejected, and they made immediate preparations for their departure. The count did not fail, however, to make his friend acquainted with the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him, and to express the overflowings of a generous feeling heart.

Mr. Fairfax parted with unfeigned cordiality from St. Hubert, and felt regret that he could not immediately cultivate an intercourse from which he expected to have derived so much pleasure. Eleonor, on the contrary, who was reminded by that gentleman's person of one whose arrival she so

much dreaded, was not sorry to have at least a temporary respite.

While the amiable but self-tormented Eleonor is preyed upon by a wounded mind and tortured imagination, we will return to Campbel, and inquire how he spent his time among the phlegmatic Hollanders.

CHAP. XIV.

WE have before mentioned that Campbel delighted to study men and manners; he therefore (having no motive to court seclusion) dined at a public table, visited the theatre, and frequented the coffee-houses, which were the resort of persons of almost every rank and country. At one of these, soon after the departure of Mr. Job Gilson, he met with a German baron, who, in common with most of his noble countrymen, spoke the French language fluently, and was likewise acquainted with the English. Caspar von Ehrenheim (so the baron was called) was a native of Saxony, and was on his return from the Netherlands to his own country. The baron had not intended to have made any stay at Amsterdam, but he had unexpectedly met with some friends of his youth who were settled there, and who persuaded him to spend a couple of months in that city. Ehrenheim was little more

than fifty : his person and demeanor were dignified, and his manners were affable. He entered the military career, from which he had retired, at an early age, and had served with reputation in the seven-years' war against Frederick the Great. The baron was struck by the intelligence and glowing benevolence that glistened in Campbel's eye, nor was he less pleased with his conversation. Campbel, on his part, was equally interested by the expressive countenance of Baron Ehrenheim ; and no less charmed with that amenity of manner by which foreigners are distinguished, and that frank cordiality natural to the Germans, to which the baron united sound judgment, a well-cultivated understanding, and a liberal mode of thinking. Though by no means rash, like the enthusiastic Eleonor, Campbel was no friend to that impregnable reserve in which the untravelled Englishman is too apt to indulge, and which is calculated to cut off social enjoyment and the diffusion of knowledge. He spoke German ; the names of Lessing,

Klopstock, Goëthe, Gellert, Schiller, Wieland, and other celebrated writers, were familiar to him; he had read their works, and was a warm admirer of their genius. The baron had made himself acquainted with the best English authors, and each was equally desirous to improve the literary knowledge he had acquired of the respective countries, for which they had a mutual esteem. This sympathy of taste made them eager to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. They frequently met; Ehrenheim introduced Campbel to his friends; and the increasing intimacy between them was cemented by an incident that happened just before the baron quitted Amsterdam, where Archibald was detained a few weeks after the departure of his friend, by the mercantile affairs of Mr. Job Gilson.

Campbel, in company with Baron Ehrenheim, went one day on an aquatic excursion, to visit a pleasant village, a few miles' sail on the principal canal. The *trekschuits* (so the boats are called) are fastened to

ropes, and drawn by horses on the bank; and the slowness of the motion would ill accord with the impatience of a lover who was conveying his mistress from the relentless guardian or parent that opposed their mutual felicity. Perhaps such lovers are seldom to be met with among the phlegmatic Dutch: gold is the object of general research, and the idol to which universal and rapturous homage is paid. Its influence is manifest in every street; and you rarely see a shop or hotel that does not present you with a *Golden Key* or a *Golden Calf*!——We will leave Mynheer to his eager pursuit of wealth, and lovers to the no less eager pursuit of their mistresses, and return to Campbel and his German friend. The morning was clear, and gave promise of a fine day: but, just as they were within a quarter of a mile of the village at which they proposed to dine, the sky became overclouded, the horizon darkened more and more, a storm arose, the horse took fright, and the boat was over-

turned. The baron could swim, but he was subject to the cramp: it seized on him with such violence that he was unable to exert himself: he sunk, and he must inevitably have been drowned (for the boatman thought only of saving himself), had not Campbel, who saw his friend sinking, caught him by the skirts of his coat, and, with great difficulty, swam with him to shore. Fortunately, assistance was within reach: Campbel bore the baron in his arms to the nearest house, despatched a messenger to Amsterdam for a physician, and, regardless of himself, would not quit his friend or change his apparel till he gave signs of returning life. When the baron came to himself he was seized with a shivering fit, and the physician, on his arrival, forbade him to think of removing till the next day: but Ehrenheim in the night was attacked with fever, and was detained at the village for a week by indisposition. Campbel was most assiduous in attending his friend, whom he would not leave. Being robust of constitution, and

hardy in his habits, he felt no serious inconvenience from the accident, and was truly rejoiced that he had been the fortunate means of preserving the life of a gentleman for whom he began to entertain a warm regard. The baron was as sincere as he was enthusiastic in gratitude to his gallant preserver.

Knowing that it was Campbel's intention to make a tour through Germany, he pressed him to spend a few weeks at Ehrenheim-castle; and Campbel was too much prepossessed in favor of the baron to refuse an invitation from which he hoped to derive so much pleasure; though he could not fix any definite time for his visit, as it was probable that he would return to England before he put his tour into execution: he promised, however, to correspond with Ehrenheim, and the latter parted from his young friend with unfeigned esteem and regret.

When the baron had taken his leave, the glowing feelings which that gentleman had excited were succeeded by reflections the

most melancholy.—“ Oh, that my honored uncle,” thought Archibald “ had associated in his youth with men of this stamp ! His energetic mind would have taken a more fortunate bent ; his talents would have contributed to enlighten mankind ; his virtues, by being known, would have claimed merited esteem ; and he would not have fallen a victim to ill-directed zeal ! Unfortunate M‘Donald ! with intentions the most virtuous, superior talents, a strong understanding, and an excellent heart, thou hast descended to the grave unknown and unlamented, except by the very few whom accident made acquainted with the virtues which were veiled from observation by thy solitary habits and destructive eccentricities ! But thy memory will ever be cherished with reverence by thy grateful nephew, while thy premature death will never cease to be lamented by him as a loss as bitter as it is irreparable.”

From his justly lamented uncle the thoughts of Campbel reverted to his honored

guardian, and from that gentleman they naturally wandered to the object of his pure but ardent affection. The English post was expected to arrive on the morrow, and his heart was assailed by hope, fear, and a thousand contradictory emotions. He slept little that night ; and when, in the morning, a letter was brought him, which he recognised to be the hand-writing of Mr. Fairfax, he scarcely had the courage to break the seal. With what transport he read the unexpected but ecstatic tidings that Eleonor was free ! He scarcely dared believe the evidence of his senses.

“ Is it possible,” exclaimed he, “ that the most amiable of her sex may yet be mine ? Oh, lovely Eleonor, may I hope that you will not reject the vows of a heart which at first sacrilegiously doubted the power of your mental and personal charms ? If ever I am blessed with your affections, the devotion of a life will too cheaply purchase the most inestimable gift man can bestow ! ”

Mr. Fairfax, wishing to spare Campbel unnecessary pain, touched slightly on the late alarming illness of his niece, but reprobated the conduct of Sir Leoline with just odium; nor was the indignation it excited in Archibald less vivid, though it did not greatly surprise him, as he had long suspected the sincerity of the baronet's professions.

Campbel received letters by the same post from St. Hubert and the worthy Mr. Gilson. The count wrote with all the warmth of friendship, and made Archibald acquainted with the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him. We will hear Mr. Job Gilson speak for himself, as his letter may afford us some amusement.

Exeter, April 4th, 1793.

“ My dear Friend, Mr. Campbel,

“ My pen enditeth greetings of Christian love and charity! Verily, my son-in-law lieth on the bed of sickness; and my daughter Jesse, who cleaveth unto the

righteous youth like the ivy unto the oak, sorroweth in sad tribulation of the spirit : but we put our trust in the Lord ; for hath he not said ‘ He who putteth his trust in me shall be saved ? ’ Hath not his touch healed the sick ? Was not Lazarus raised from the dead by his almighty hand ? Wherefore then should man be of little faith ? or why should ‘ he who walketh in his integrity ’ fear to obey the summons of all infinite goodness ? Verily, the chambers of death are only comfortless to the unrepenting sinner, who findeth no ray of light to guide his tottering steps. The righteous man, when he yieldeth up the spirit, may say, in the words of Scripture, ‘ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? ’ With wisdom he hath lived, and with hope he resigneth himself to die : the confidence of conscious virtue beameth on his pallid cheek : he taketh leave of his friends and kindred like unto the honored traveller who goeth on a voyage of discovery to an

unknown but pleasant land, where he hopeth those to whom his spirit cleaveth will follow, and to which he departeth loaded by the prayers and blessings of all good men.

“ Again, let me repeat how gratefully my heart cherisheth the kindness thou conferrest on me, by taking the burden of mercantile business on thyself, and abiding for my sake in a strange land : yea, verily, a land in which the spirit repineth to sojourn ; for wisdom dwelleth not in the house of Mammon, and Christian charity is driven from the gate.

“ Verily, verily, friend Campbel, Job Gilson honoreth thee, and he weigheth not his esteem in the scale of lightness, or thinketh the reciprocal duties of man a bond which hath a brief acquittance. ‘ A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.’ ‘ Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days,’ sayeth the preacher. ‘ Yea, verily, a good action bringeth its own reward ; and

he who loveth his brethren hath grace in the eyes of the Lord.'

" Thy sick friend joineth me in fervent prayer for thy health, and locketh the remembrance of thy righteousness in the casket of his soul. He beareth the affliction which hath overtaken him with patience, and resigneth himself to the will of the Lord.

" Thine in all Christian love and charity,

" JOB GILSON."

" *P. S.*—Verily, I say unto thee, friend Campbel, walk through life steadfast in the paths of wisdom! 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Did not the father of mischief tempt our Saviour in the wilderness? Who shall know his strength until it be tried? Verily, the yearning of the spirit toward thee, friend Campbel, maketh me transgress against mundane polity and discretion; but thou wilt not scorn the warning voice of experience. " Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser.' 'Teach a just man, and

he will increase in learning,' saith King Solomon. May the Spirit of the Lord cleave unto thee, even as the spirit of Ruth, the Moabitess, clave unto Naomi, her husband's mother !"

Archibald truly sympathized in the anxiety of the worthy merchant, and felt no less grateful for the lively interest that gentleman had expressed for his welfare ; though he could not help smiling at the quaint formality of Mr. Gilson's style.

Though he found sufficient objects of curiosity and for contemplation in so populous a city, and though he experienced every attention from the friends of Baron Ehrenheim, time dragged on heavily to the enamoured Campbel. Weeks appeared months, and months years, till he could again embrace his honored guardian, and pour the hopes and fears by which he was alternately agitated into the bosom of his dearest friend. His impatience to return to England did not, however, make our young philosopher

sacrifice or neglect the interest of the friendly quaker. Having finished the affairs which detained him in Holland, he proceeded to **H**amburgh, where he arrived in safety. We shall leave him awhile to repose after the fatigue of so long a journey, and again cross the channel.

CHAP. XV.

THOUGH we can only feel contempt for the selfish and unprincipled Sir Leoline, we will take a temporary leave of those who have a just claim on our attention, and follow the baronet in his new and brilliant career, to make ourselves gradually acquainted with those consequences which arise out of such conduct. The selfish and unprincipled man may, for a time, drown the voice of conscience, wear the mask of virtue with unblushing effrontery, and think himself placed beyond the reach of shame or disgrace : but short will be his triumph ; the arm of justice is only suspended to strike with treble force !

We left Sir Leoline on the road to Bloomer-castle, exulting in the brilliant fortune which awaited him, and anticipating the pleasure of witnessing the humility and obsequious complaisance of the once-haughty Lady Hargrave. The expectations of that gentleman,

however, were somewhat disappointed : her ladyship, though her beauty had raised her to a rank of life to which she was not born, had a spirit no less proud than acrimonious, and had never possessed sufficient command of her temper to sacrifice her resentments to her interest.

The superiority which Sir Leoline had always possessed in person, manners, and understanding, over her deceased son, had made Hargrave, from a boy, the object of that lady's illiberal enmity. Without taking the trouble to discover whether he had or had not qualities which might justify her dislike, though she made it a point to oppose the will of Sir Christopher on every other subject, she had always joined her husband in treating their then poor relation with arrogance and neglect. On the present occasion, the knowledge that she was left with a scanty jointure, and that she would be forced to quit one of the noblest mansions in the kingdom, to live in comparative obscurity, did not contribute to soften the dislike she

had so long borne the fortunate heir, who was coming to take possession of those honors which she had fondly hoped her son would have proudly worn. Neither was the abrupt arrival of that gentleman calculated to conciliate the feelings of an afflicted mother and wife ; for, notwithstanding the ill terms on which Sir Christopher and her ladyship had lived, she had moments of kindness and affection, and his death gave her unaffected sorrow.

Sir Leoline, thinking that the condescension which great men frequently affect toward those whom they suppose to be their inferiors was most likely to mortify the dowager, for whose family afflictions he felt little pity, assumed the tone of protection, and, to keep up appearances, acted the sorrowful heir to admiration : but, cunning as the baronet had hitherto proved in his calculations, his wonted sagacity here failed him. Lady Hargrave turned the tables upon himself, and, during the short time she remained at the castle, not only obliged him, by her

manner, to change his tone, but, having an aptitude at retort, for which Sir Leoline, it must be owned, was quite unprepared, found more than one opportunity of mortifying the meanly-exulting heir.

After the departure of this lady, Sir Leoline, having put his affairs in some order, took a trip to Bath, to dissipate unpleasant recollections, and there found his prudent politic sister, of whom it will be necessary to say a few words. Mrs. Grafton, seeing her brother raised to a sphere of life superior to her own, felt the zeal with which she had hitherto promoted the advancement of his fortune insensibly cool; it was soon replaced by envy, and, on the arrival of Sir Leoline, she ventured to drop significant hints that her residence at Bloomer-castle would be of essential service to the baronet. That gentleman, however, thought differently; the husband of his sister was a merchant, could boast of no pedigree, and now in fortune, still more than in rank, was his inferior; consequently, though he owed both that

gentleman and Mrs. Grafton essential obligations, it was no part of his plan to put them on an equality with himself. Incapable of feeling gratitude or social affection, he thought that, by paying the sum which his brother-in-law had advanced to enable him to make his way to the bar, he had discharged all obligation.

Having unexpectedly attained that consequence, and come into possession of wealth, which had so often been the object of his secret envy, his ambition soared still higher: a noble alliance, with his superior talents, would inevitably pave the way to the greatest honors: he therefore again made an heroic effort, and determined to sacrifice his newly-recovered freedom whenever an opportunity should offer to dispose of it to advantage, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Grafton, whose selfish views and rising ambition induced her now to dissuade the baronet as much against matrimony as she had before endeavored to conquer his aversion to the connubial state.

Her eloquence, however, had not the same success; the hints and inuendos she threw out were equally fruitless, neither were they very graciously received. At length, stung by the growing coldness and haughty carriage of the baronet, the gentle Eliza forgot her usual prudence, gave vent to her indignation, and reproached him with cutting severity. Sir Leoline, happy at having a pretext to break off a connexion he deemed injurious to his future aggrandizement, and at having an opportunity once more to exercise, though on a narrow scale, professional talents, which had been acknowledged eminent, artfully aggravated his sister till she lost all command of temper, and a rupture was the result.

Mrs. Grafton repented her rashness, and tried to effect a reconciliation with the baronet, but he was inexorable, and haughtily rejected every pacific overture. Sir Leoline, though guilty of odious ingratitude toward the generous Mr. Grafton, and wanting in natural affection to the sister who had

hitherto promoted his interest at the expense of principle and friendship, was an instrument of just punishment to Mrs. Grafton, who was only exceeded in art and selfishness by Hargrave. When, however, she found her ambitious hopes would be utterly disappointed, the *affectionate* Eliza became no less inveterate against the baronet than she had been zealous in his behalf, and quitted Bath at variance with Sir Leoline, herself, and all the world.

Just after the latter had shaken off so troublesome a clog to his grandeur, the daily expected arrival of the Earl of Follington and his daughter was announced. The first impulse of Sir Leoline was to retaliate for the indirect affront he had received from the right honorable peer, or rather for the prudent measures Lord Rupert had taken to prevent Lady Clarissa from becoming the dupe of her own folly, and the selfish cunning of Hargrave. On reflection, however, the baronet determined to pursue a line of conduct directly opposite : the noble house

of Follington was allied to some of the first families in the kingdom, and an union with Lady Clarissa, to which his rank in life would now allow him to aspire, would promote, as he supposed, his ambitious designs: it would likewise be a kind of triumph over Lord Rupert and the Hon. Mrs. Altamont, with whom he had perceived he was no favorite, and of such petty triumphs he was not a little proud.

The earl he knew to be a weak man, who, now his gallant-minded son was no longer in England to influence and direct his judgment, might be led like a child; and the unbounded vanity of Lady Clarissa had before thrown her into his power. As a wife, she was the very last woman on earth he would have chosen; but he had, as we have before hinted, no feeling or taste for domestic happiness. Her haughty and irritable temper, of which he had seen occasional sallies, was very different from the mild, affectionate, and forgiving disposition of Eleonor; but, notwithstanding the lesson he had received

from the dowager Lady Hargrave, he had sufficient confidence in his own talents for retaliation and government to have ventured upon a very Xantippe, had such an alliance tended to promote his worldly interest or ambitious cravings.

The intelligence of Sir Leoline's aggrandisement had reached the ears of the earl, who had returned, with Lady Clarissa, to town, just after the baronet had quitted Bloomer-castle to run the gauntlet of fashionable folly at Bath. The noble peer had seen many advantageous matches slip through the fingers of his coquettish daughter: other young women of inferior fashion, who had not her pretensions to wit and beauty, who had no train of admirers, and whose fortunes were even less than hers, had married above their rank, to the no little mortification of the earl and Lady Clarissa; and the former became more than ever anxious to secure a brilliant establishment for her ladyship, who daily saw some new rival start in the empire

of fashion to alienate her admirers and weaken her power. Sir Leoline, in rank and fortune, was now worthy to aspire to an alliance with the ancient and honorable house of Follington : in addition to this, he was a new, and promised to become a brilliant, constellation in the hemisphere of fashion. These considerations made both father and daughter equally eager to renew an intercourse with Hargrave, and to secure, if possible, a conquest so desirable.

It was rather awkward that Sir Leoline had not come into possession of the title and estate before the earl broke off the acquaintance ; but the baronet was a man of the world, and doubtless understood his interest too well to resent conduct, which, under those circumstances, he must feel was not only prudent, but consistent with that dignity which he had professed to admire.

At all events the earl, with parental partiality, relied greatly on the power of his daughter's charms, and the fascination of her

wit, though both had hitherto failed in procuring her one admirer whose views were serious. The policy of the statesman, however, induced him not to put his matrimonial plans into immediate execution : he therefore waited till the season of Bath was half over before he accompanied his daughter to that celebrated mart of dissipation and disease.

A report that Sir Leoline had been engaged to a beautiful young lady of large fortune, but that the engagement had been set aside for family reasons, had been circulated at the instigation of the baronet, whose pride and vanity were equally gratified by this report. It had come to the knowledge of Lady Clarissa, and her ladyship was at no loss to divine who the young lady was, though no name had been mentioned.

In a spirit worthy of him who engrossed her coquettish reveries, her ladyship exulted in the fancied triumph she had gained over the injured Eleonor, and in the hope of future splendor; for the vanity of that young

lady persuaded her that affection for herself had induced the baronet to break his engagements with Miss Fairfax; and she flattered herself that he only waited her encouragement to offer her his hand.

CHAP. XVI.

EVERY thing for a time concurred to swell the exultation and gratify the selfish vanity of Sir Leoline : his elegant equipage, splendid liveries, sumptuous dinners, and fashionable notoriety, became the subject of general attention : his fine person was no less admired, and those who were unacquainted with the real character of the baronet at first were no less deceived by the speciousness of his manners than Mr. Fairfax had been. His company was sought, his acquaintance courted, and his talents extolled to the skies. When Lady Clarissa and her noble father arrived at Bath they found Sir Leoline placed on the throne of fashion, and her ladyship became more than ever anxious for the success of the earl's matrimonial plans.

That nobleman met the baronet, the second morning after his arrival, at the rooms. The peer was alone ; and, notwithstanding

the high sense he entertained of the wisdom and dignity of his former conduct toward Sir Leoline, he felt somewhat embarrassed on the occasion. The baronet had plans of aggrandizement in view, and hoped, at some future opportunity, to indulge the noble spirit of retaliation, and return the mortification he had received with interest: he therefore assumed a cordiality he was far from feeling, wore the smile of deceit, inquired after Lady Clarissa (whom the earl expected would soon join him with a party of ladies), mentioned Lord Rupert and the Hon. Mrs. Altamont in terms of respect, and entered into conversation with the peer.

“ It is long since I have had the pleasure of seeing your lordship,” said Hargrave, affecting not to perceive the embarrassment of the latter.

“ Yes,” stammered out the earl; “ my sister, whom you have met once, I believe, at Follington-house, sent for her niece, Lady Clarissa, rather suddenly into Wales. I was obliged almost immediately to follow ;

and my son, till his departure for the continent, engrossed my whole time and attention : but I shall soon return to town, where I hope I shall have the honor of seeing you, baronet."

"Certainly, my lord, when I come to London I shall do myself the pleasure of paying you my respects ; and, if your lordship should ever ramble into Kent, I flatter myself you will honor me by spending a few days at Bloomer-castle."

The earl bowed acquiescence ; and Sir Leoline, willing to give that nobleman an opportunity of displaying his sagacity and senatorial eloquence, thus continued :—

"The castle is allowed to contain Gothic beauties well worthy the attention of those who, like your lordship, have sufficient discernment to feel the superiority which our forefathers, in every respect, claim over the moderns."

"The present age indeed, Sir Leoline, is no less degenerate in arts than in arms," said the earl, gravely : "architecture, among

the rest, is fallen into deplorable decay, and I blush to own that our nobility encourage the bad taste of the times. We frequently see the castles which our great ancestors built, those venerable bulwarks of heroic valor and feudal magnificence, sacrilegiously left to fall in ruins, while their noble owners lavish their money on artists, day-laborers, and mechanics, to erect a mansion that will not perhaps stand a century, on a model adopted by every plebeian upstart. They sacrifice family dignity to convenience, and, having no solemn memento of hereditary grandeur in view, suffer the familiar intercourse of upstart pretenders, who, because they have received the education of a gentleman, think themselves the equals of men of rank and fashion. It is a pity that any persons who are not of noble birth are permitted to call themselves gentlemen, and that education is now common to almost all ranks of people. Charity schools have been suffered to multiply so disgracefully, that many of our peasants even can read and write ; and, what is a still

greater scandal to nobility, the son of a tradesman who can pay for his maintenance is admitted to those public seminaries to which the progeny of the great are sent to complete their education. These are lamentable abuses, Sir Leoline, and they cry loudly for reform."

"Your lordship is fortunate in having so much discernment," replied Hargrave; "and, were you to communicate your opinions to the world, they would doubtless meet with the attention they deserve."

"I fear not, baronet. Some few, it is true, have a perception of the evil; but that heroic spirit which, in former times, made every nobleman defend his prerogatives sword in hand, and trample overweening insolence to earth,—which gave him power of life and death over his vassals, whom he trained to the noble art of war;—that heroic spirit which so eminently distinguished the peers of Britain in the feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, slumbers, alas! in the tombs of our great forefathers.

The feudal system has been ingloriously abolished ; a nation of warriors is degenerated into a nation of merchants ; our vassals, who used to tremble at our frown, insolently defy our power, sheltered by laws which profess to make no distinction between the duke and the peasant ; and, in addition to this degradation, we tamely suffer the familiarity of upstart pretenders ; nay, court their acquaintance, forgetful of our rank, our rights, and our ancestry ! Never has the house of Follington been so disgraced by me ! Never did I contaminate the noble blood that flows in my veins by making myself the familiar companion of such persons. You, Sir Leoline, have escaped the general infection of the times ; you are worthy of your ancestors, and, no doubt, will never tarnish the lustre of a noble name by conduct derogatory to your dignity."

" I am proud of your lordship's good opinion, and flatter myself it is not wholly unfounded," replied the baronet. Few, indeed, are gifted with the enviable discern-

ment and irresistible eloquence of your lordship ; but, while I acknowledge my inferiority, I declare myself the zealous admirer of your superior penetration and oratorical talents."

Little suspecting the malicious irony and contempt that were couched under this fulsome eulogium, the earl graciously bowed ; and, just as the baronet was going to amuse himself still more at the expense of the right honorable peer, Lady Clarissa entered the room, accompanied by two ladies, the one elderly, the other young, but neither of them conspicuous for their beauty or personal elegance. Expecting to meet Sir Leoline, her ladyship had spared no pains to improve the graces of her person, and she assumed an air of alluring coquetry. Sir Leoline accosted her with the unembarrassed ease with which he had addressed the earl ; and Lady Clarissa, who, on such occasions, could be an excellent actress, notwithstanding the secret workings of vanity, hope, and fear, to all appearance was equally free from embarrassment. The

baronet offered his arm to her ladyship, and they soon entered into a lively conversation, which was not damped by the sight of the emaciated invalids, who seemed with difficulty to support a painful existence, and who formed a melancholy contrast to the thronging votaries of dissipation.

“ Bath is a charming place,” observed the youngest companion of Lady Clarissa : “ there is such a delightful variety of amusements, one can never be dull.”

“ Except we are thrown into a nervous fever by the death of a favorite bird, or the loss of a French lap-dog ; or unless our next-door neighbor spitefully fees the doctor for a passport to the other world, to give those who stay behind the vapours,” said Lady Clarissa.

“ It is truly melancholy to see so many sick persons,” remarked the elderly lady ; “ and it is no less painful to witness the little attention that is paid to them, and the loud merriment of the more healthy part of the company.”

“ Vastly shocking indeed, ma’am,” said Sir Leoline, yawning; “ but who likes to be reminded of death? Had not persons so afflicted better remain at home and study ‘ The Pilgrim’s Progress,’ ‘ The Whole Duty of Man,’ or some holy book, rather than crawl abroad to prolong a burdensome existence for a few weeks, frighten the healthy, and alloy the pleasures of their friends?”

“ One is positively forced to steel one’s nerves against such horrid sights, or we should die of the vapours in less than a week,” observed Lady Clarissa.

“ Were your ladyship to suffer the delicate sensibility of your sex to prey upon your health, you would not only commit treason against your friends, but against all mankind,” said the gallant baronet.

“ My daughter, Sir Leoline, I flatter myself, has an instinctive feeling of dignity which would not suffer her to make any condescension unbecoming her birth,” re-

plied the earl, looking more than usually sagacious : “ the greater part of the wretched objects we see are not of a rank to claim the sympathy of Lady Clarissa.”

“ Who would not purchase a distinction so valuable at any cost, however great ?” eagerly interrupted Sir Leoline ; “ and how unfortunate are those who dare not solicit the compassion of the divinity they are doomed in silence to adore !”

“ Are divinities, then, inexorable ?” asked her ladyship, smiling graciously on the baronet ?

“ Why, in ancient times, Lady Clarissa, we are told they have been touched by the devotion of adoring mortals ; but our modern goddesses have more wit.”—“ Consequently they place little faith in the vows of perjured man,” replied Lady Clarissa, laughing : “ they revenge, whenever they have an opportunity, the injuries which their predecessors of old suffered, and listen to the protestations of their adorers as a philo-

sopher would listen to servile adulation, with a placid countenance, but a heart untouched by the rhetoric of flattery."

"A young lady of rank," said the earl gravely, "ought not to listen to the protestations of any person who is not her equal, neither ought she to admit of familiarity from such persons; but it would be equally unbecoming in her to reject the addresses of any gentleman whose birth and fortune should give him a claim to her attention. Our modern young ladies, I am sorry to say, are too much exposed to the presumptuous freedom of upstart pretenders, and too frequently sully the pure blood that flows in their veins by forming alliances that are derogatory to their rank and family: nay, there are fathers who not only countenance but openly promote such improper connexions, which can never receive the sanction of these noblemen who feel the respect due to an illustrious race of ancestors."

The two companions of Lady Clarissa, having an engagement, left the rooms under

the escort of the earl, who left his daughter to the care of the baronet till his return.

“ It is a pity,” said Lady Clarissa, laughing, when the earl was gone, “ our noble ancestors rest quietly in their tombs, unconscious of the insult offered to their dignity, while such naughty papas presume to think an ingot of gold is at least as valuable as a coffin-full of dust, and their daughters would rather look at an esclavage of diamonds than over musty parchments, or at tombstones. I verily believe, were any of his descendants, a thousand years hence, to be guilty of so heinous a crime, that the spirit of my father, like the ghost of *Hamlet*, would not rest at peace till death had overtaken the sacrilegious offender.”

“ Those who are acquainted with your ladyship cannot be surprised that he should feel anxious so rare a gem should not grace a vulgar hand,” replied Sir Leoline. “ It is from the wit and beauty of your ladyship that the house of Follington derives its greatest lustre.”

“ Take care what you say, baronet,” replied her ladyship ; “ for, though *I* may pardon such heresy against the *venerable* dust of our *renowned* predecessors, I am not sure that the earl, with all the father’s partiality, would allow that such trivial endowments as wit and beauty, for sterling worth, could be put in competition with the family tree of genealogy, moth-eaten though it is, and almost illegible with age : but this precious relic is never suffered to see the light, except on great and solemn occasions, or when we are afraid we should forget that ‘ our great great great uncle’s uncle married the Lady Alice ; that they died, were buried, and left Humphrey, Joan, and Blanch, who married, died, and were buried, in turn ;’ or that ‘ the name of our great great great grandmother’s first cousin was Judith, and that she was carried off in her infancy by the hooping-cough,’ or some other family record of equal importance ! I am sometimes tempted to ask the earl to order a genealogical service of plate, that

not only our own memories but those of our guests may be refreshed with knowledge so essential to our dignity. But here my father comes, to remind us, in his own person, of the wisdom and renown attached to the noble house of Follington."

The earl now rejoined his daughter and the baronet; they sauntered half an hour • longer in the rooms, then retired; but, at parting, they agreed to meet again at the assembly in the evening. Both parties were punctual to their appointment: the peer displayed his wonted dignity and wisdom; his daughter was even more alluringly co-quettish than she had been in the morning; and Sir Leoline was no less attentive and gallant. It will not be difficult to divine what was the sequel of an opening so favorable to the wishes of each party. In a week Sir Leoline became the declared suitor of Lady Clarissa, and the earl received the overtures of the baronet with an exultation which the swelling pride of family dignity could not entirely conceal. Her ladyship

had more art, and she acted the part which decorum required with becoming grace and well-feigned timidity.

Though neither the lady nor the gentleman had hearts susceptible of true affection, the vanity of both was sufficiently flattered by the alliance to keep them in tolerable good humor even beyond the days of their courtship, which lasted three months : at the end of that period Sir Leoline returned to town, to make the necessary preparations for his ensuing nuptials. As Sir Christopher had left no town residence, the baronet hired a ready-furnished house in Portland-place, where he proposed to rival the first noblemen in the kingdom in fashion and splendor.

The earl and Lady Clarissa followed soon after, accompanied by Mrs. Altamont, who had not been consulted, but who was invited to the wedding : the latter had once or twice seen Sir Leoline during a short residence in town, and she had been previously informed by her nephew, Lord Rupert, of his insi-

dious conduct to her niece, though she was ignorant of the engagements he had contracted with Eleonor Fairfax. Mrs. Altamont consequently felt no predilection in favor of Hargrave ; but the coquettish manners and dangerous flippancy of her niece made that lady anxious to see Lady Clarissa under the protection and salutary authority of a husband, who would put some check on her folly and the extravagance of her wishes.

The wished-for day at length arrived ; the jewels were presented, the settlements drawn, and Lady Clarissa, accompanied by the earl and Mrs. Altamont, was led by Sir Leoline to the altar of Hymen. We shall leave the bride and bridegroom, who were worthy of each other, to spend the honey-moon at Bloomer-castle, and return to Campbel, who is counting the tedious weeks with a lover's impatience at Hamburg.

CHAP. XVII.

BEFORE we recross the Channel to visit Campbel, we will take a cursory review of the feelings of those persons to whom he was so tenderly attached. Alas, sweet Eleonor! thy heart, which Archibald is taught to believe will sympathize with thy lover's, and be the recompense of his strict honor, and constant, though long hopeless, attachment,—thy heart, so gentle, affectionate, and noble, far from sympathizing, daily becomes more estranged from thy worthy lover; while the courageous restraint thou imposest on thy feelings, and the just but reluctant tribute of esteem thou canst not refuse to his virtues, mislead thy honored relatives, and lull them into the most flattering delusion. They fondly believe thy mental tranquillity is restored, that thy heart is returning to its first impressions in favor of Campbel, and they form plans of future happiness for the two beings they love most on earth.

Mr. Fairfax, deceived by the forced tranquillity of the child of his affections, fearful lest a new rival should start up to again thwart his favorite wish, and thinking that even *he* could not plead the cause of Campbel so effectively as the impassioned Archibald, urges his young friend to write to Eleonor, and anticipates success to his suit. Let us hope that her heart will relent, and that vows so pure, so ardent, will not meet with a rejection.

Mr. Job Gilson had thought that three months would be sufficient to settle his mercantile concerns at Hamburgh: but he had miscalculated; the term of their settlement was unavoidably protracted to six.

Campbel's fortitude was exposed to a fiery ordeal, but it stood the trial as manfully on this occasion as it had done on others. The letters of Mr. Fairfax were exhilarating to his hopes, and, about two months before his intended departure for England, the worthy gentleman gave those hopes additional strength, and urged him,

as we just hinted, to make an immediate and frank confession of his love to Eleonor.

Every fibre thrilled with apprehension and self-distrust when he took the pen to address the object of his pure affection : but longer suspense became insupportable ; he armed himself with resolution, and wrote as follows :—

“ Madam,

“ Though authorized by the sanction of the friend and guardian we mutually revere, I scarcely dare flatter myself that I may be permitted to aspire to a blessing which I would die to obtain, but which, I fear, is beyond my deserts. When we first became acquainted, by a strange perversion of judgment, I had formed a mean opinion of the intellectual powers of women ; but Eleonor Fairfax made me blush at my injustice, and recant from the arrogant superiority our sex assumes over yours. Admiration imperceptibly ripened into a more tender sentiment ; but, though I adored the

artless enthusiasm of your character, I was aware of its danger to yourself, if not checked by reason and guided by common sense. I daringly and pertinaciously attacked your favorite foible (if I may be allowed the expression); I made myself appear in the light of a stern monitor to the gentlest of human beings; and, before I was aware of the state of my affections, by neglecting to conciliate an interest in your heart, that heart, too pure and unsuspecting to perceive the artful snare that was spread, became the prey of a selfish hypocrite. The term is harsh, but just: he that could deceive affection so artless and confiding must be destitute of all manly feeling. Oh, Eleonor, what anguish, what self-reproach, did not that fatal discovery kindle in my bosom! With arrogant presumption I had set danger at defiance, and by my own neglect had lost a blessing that the wealth of worlds would not too dearly purchase! At moments, though not fully aware of the deep hypocrisy of Mr. Hargrave, I was tempted to throw my-

self on your mercy, and dispute his claim. My heart was racked with contending passions ; but honor prevailed : I tried to think favorably of my rival, I respected his prior claims, condemned my sufferings to silence, and determined to fly from a combat to which my strength was unequal. The angelic sweetness with which you granted my petition, visited my honored uncle, and paid him a daughter's attention in his fatal illness, had I not previously been captivated by your uncommon mental endowments, would have made an impression too strong to have been obliterated. The death of Mr. M'Donald aggravated the load which weighed on my heart, and, after a severe internal struggle, I determined to make a tour to the Continent. You are acquainted with the incidents that followed ; and (ecstatic recollection !) honored me by taking an interest in my fate. It now rests in your hands, and I shall, without murmuring, submit to your decision, though it should blight every aspiring hope. Whatever this decision may

be, I am assured you will not trifle with my feelings, but end the racking suspense of

“ Your faithfully devoted

“ ARCHIBALD CAMPBEL.”

While Campbel waited with anxious impatience to hear from his beloved Eleonor, he received a letter from Baron Ehrenheim, (who had before, through the medium of a friend, apprized him of his safe arrival in Saxony,) and that gentleman thus expressed his unabated regard :—

“ My respected young Friend,

“ Though I have been prevented, by various causes, from writing till now, you have not been absent from my thoughts, and I charged my friend, Baron Sternberg, in his route through Hamburgh, to call upon you, and remind you of your promise. I am sorry you have fixed upon so distant a period to visit Saxony, but I hope that you will abbreviate the interval of our separation. I impatiently expect the pleasure of seeing

you at Ehrenheim-castle; its gates will not open to receive a more welcome guest, or one more highly esteemed. The respect in which I have invariably held your countrymen has even been increased by our short, but (to me) most agreeable intercourse, and I am not a little flattered by the esteem which you profess to bear the Germans. They are, indeed, a frank-hearted brave people; and I am so proud of my country that I would fly to the remotest corner of the earth had I disgraced it by degenerate cowardice, or a deviation from that national integrity and social feeling which claim the respect and sympathy of strangers: those I hold even as precious as the honorable name which has been transmitted me by the illustrious race of ancestors whose blood flows in my veins. Do not, however, imagine I am a bigotted idolater at the shrine of rank: nobility of mind may claim an equality with the most exalted; and, were I a sovereign prince, I should be proud to call Mr. Campbell my friend. Give me the satisfaction I so ardently crave, and let me prevail on you

to accelerate your promised visit ; you will not, I am persuaded, refuse my urgent entreaties.

“ Your obliged friend and

“ humble servant,

“ CASPAR VON EHRENHEIM.”

Though this letter was read by Campbel with unaffected pleasure, the agitation of his mind would not suffer him to answer it, or to fix upon any determined plan before he should hear from Eleonor, whom, at moments, imagination fondly represented as the wife of his bosom and the loved companion of his travels ; while, at others, it pictured her rejecting his vows and banishing him from her presence for ever. His heart had selected no confidant but Mr. Fairfax ; the name of Eleonor (should his suit even be accepted) was too sacred to escape his lips to any but that revered guardian of his youth ; and her dear image too deeply occupied his thoughts to allow them, at such a crisis, to flow into the tranquil channel of friendship.

During a month Campbel suffered all the torments which suspense, added to a diffidence of his own merits, could inflict; but at moments Hope (that potent enchantress) waved her magic wand, lulled the lover's fears, and presented a vision of Elysium, from which he trembled to awake. At length the wished-for, yet dreaded, test of fortitude arrived! Campbel received letters from England, and among others recognised the hand of Miss Fairfax, and the well-known writing of her uncle. A sudden pang convulsed his frame! For a moment he was overpowered by the rushing tide of passion; but, ashamed of this weakness, he steadied his shaking hand, and broke the seal of Eleonor's letter, which we will read with him.

“ Sir,

“ Trusting to your wonted candor and indulgence, I sit down to execute a task equally painful and indispensable; and I entreat you to believe it is with the greatest

reluctance I inflict pain where it would be my pride to prove the sincerity of my esteem. I am truly grieved that the fear of giving uneasiness to my kind and honored friends made me unconsciously lead them and you into a mistake, which I am called upon, by every honorable feeling, to rectify by an explicit statement of the truth.

“ The wound which my peace has received, far from being healed, festers more deep, and seems to defy the most powerful efforts of Reason ; my heart is rebellious to her imperious dictates, and it recoils with terror from any new engagement, more particularly with one who witnessed its infatuation, and whose virtues (though I should have no ungenerous upbraiding to fear) would be an eternal reproach to my want of discernment and obstinate incredulity. I will not seek to palliate my weakness. It is true I have been the victim of selfishness and deceit ; but I cannot learn to despise the object I once revered, or think Sir Leoline utterly lost to virtue, though he is to me !

I cannot, dare not, believe it; nor can I wholly exonerate myself from the injustice of which he complained. I could not be wholly blameless, for a malignant heart cannot surely be couched under manners formed to engage affection, though Sir Leo-line may have been swayed by worldly interest, and have swerved from that sincerity and good faith which ought to be held sacred. But, though *mine* still pleads for him whom once it proudly acknowledged for its possessor, my understanding condemns its obstinate infatuation. I am hateful to myself! By rejecting the prophetic warnings of my best friends, I have not only destroyed my own tranquillity but injured yours, and disappointed the fond hopes of my dear aunt and uncle. Yet, self-indignant as I feel at the pain I have inflicted on those dear friends, and on a gentleman I so truly respect, it is not in my power to retract; I cannot wilfully deceive them or myself, and I must gratefully decline an offer by which I esteem myself honored. Let me conjure you, sir,

at the same time to believe, that I never did *you* the injustice you suppose. I cannot deny that I neglected to profit by your judicious advice; but I was fully sensible of the benevolent spirit in which it was given, and set a just value on your friendship.—*One* alone I thought rivalled you in every excellence, and he—I cannot proceed.—Once more let me conjure you to be assured that your virtues are justly appreciated, and that your preference is gratefully acknowledged, though it cannot be returned, by

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ ELEANOR FAIRFAX.”

This was a severe blow; and the philosopher with difficulty could master the feelings of the lover. To resign all hope, at the very moment it had been exalted nearly to ecstatic certainty, was a sacrifice almost too mighty for the strength of man! Yet his tenderness and his pride equally revolted from becoming the persecutor of her he adored. His heart was wrung by her posi-

tive rejection—it bled for her sufferings—and glowed with admiration at the dignified candor with which she avowed her feelings, and took blame to herself; while it glowed (if possible) still more indignantly at the wrongs she had suffered from the heartless hypocrite who had inflicted a wound so deep and dangerous.

“ Dear suffering angel,” he mentally exclaimed, “ thy sorrows shall be held sacred! no selfish wish of mine shall again obtrude to increase their bitterness by unmerited self-reproach. With a brother’s solicitude I would guard thee from every ill; but, since that blessed privilege is denied me by the peculiarity of our situations and feelings, never shalt thou have to complain of unmanly persecution! Thy sufferings have raised a barrier between us which I will never wantonly trespass! Couldst thou recover that peace of which selfish hypocrisy has robbed thee, even at the expense of my happiness, no unworthy murmur should escape my lips, or sully the purity of my

love for the most amiable and noble of her sex !”

The letter of Mr. Fairfax expressed unfeigned concern at the mistake into which he had fallen respecting the feelings of Eleonor, while it deplored the failure of their mutual hopes, and the disgust which his niece had secretly fostered, not only against those social ties which had once been the object of her reverence, but in particular against him whose manly tenderness might have reconciled her to herself and happiness. That gentleman, however, was discouraged, by the firmness with which Eleonor had resisted the gentle entreaties and expostulations of himself and Mrs. Fairfax, from giving Campbel hope which he no longer allowed himself to cherish ; and he exhorted him, with affectionate earnestness, to conquer a hopeless attachment, and divert his mind from oppressive retrospection by putting his intended tour into immediate execution.

Campbel was too gratefully impressed with the long-tried and disinterested friend-

ship of Mr. Fairfax, to censure, even in thought, a precipitance of judgment which had taken rise in the zealous affection he bore his late ward, and in the parental anxiety he felt for the happiness of a niece so worthy of his love. He condemned, however, the eagerness with which he had embraced the hopes his honored friend had tendered, and had intruded those hopes on the lovely Eleonor before he had more narrowly investigated the state of her heart, and ascertained their probable chance of success.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE will leave Campbel to struggle with a passion that had so long disturbed his tranquillity ; and, while he is preparing for his intended tour, return to Eleonor, whose heart was as ill at ease as his own. A selfish hypocrite had too artfully entwined himself round its fibres to be easily displaced : though the deceiver stood detected in all his odious colors, the being whom infatuation had endowed with every mortal virtue still floated on her fancy, and at moments made her doubt the evidence of her senses, and seek to excuse the baronet, as we have seen, by a generous distrust of her own irreproachable conduct. His marriage with Lady Clarissa was a severe blow, and it ought to have destroyed every lingering disposition to palliate the conduct of Sir Leoline ; but it had the contrary effect. She exaggerated the attractions of her successful rival, while she overlooked her own ! Gentle and forgiving be-

yond the generality of her sex, she framed excuses for both ; but the time approached when even *her* forgiving spirit could no longer seek to excuse unblushing deceit and barefaced malignity.

The discovery which Mr. Fairfax and his lady had made of her internal, though secret suffering, though it again had disappointed the fond wish of their heart, increased their tender commiseration for the lovely sufferer. They tried by every kind attention to sooth her mind and amuse her thoughts: they extended the circle of their acquaintance, and zealously promoted whatever they conceived might give the most trivial relief to the oppressive train of thought that had seized on the mind of their beloved Eleonor, apparently to blight every youthful joy. They took her frequently into public, and urged her not to refuse the invitation of her friends to join in public amusements ; for, though they knew she might probably meet the baronet and his lady at such places, they considered the meeting to be sooner or later unavoidable,

and that it was a temporary evil out of which future good might arise. Eleonor, on whom kindness was never lost and who was more than ever desirous to prove the grateful affection of her heart on such occasions, though scenes of gaiety rather increased than alleviated her sufferings, made it a point to comply with their wishes, and endeavor to appear cheerful : on one occasion, in particular, her compliance cost her bitter anguish of heart, and it required all her fortitude to support a trial as severe as it was unexpected.

Just after Eleonor had written a positive rejection in answer to Campbel's proffered vows, the wife of Mr. Malden, to whom Miss Fairfax was related by the mother's side, and who resided at Bath, came up to town with a friend from London, with whom she spent a fortnight. That lady and her husband were on friendly though not intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax : the distance at which they lived, and more especially the difference of their manners and habits of thinking, had prevented any inti-

macy from taking place ; but they were fond of their niece, though they had a family of their own, and from a child had solicited her company more frequently than either Eleonor's inclination or that of Mr. Fairfax and his lady had prompted them to grant it. These relations had been apprized of the proposed union between Hargrave and Eleonor (which, owing to the inferiority of the barrister's fortune, had not met with their entire approbation, but which, from various prudential considerations, they had not opposed), and had been inevitably made acquainted with its failure ; but, those particulars which would have led to mortifying condolment, or a distressing investigation on their part, had been carefully suppressed by the kind aunt and uncle, as they were aware that Mr. and Mrs. Malden, though kind of intention and partial to their beloved Eleonor, not being gifted with sensibility to sympathize in her feelings, or with sufficient refinement to spare her sensitive delicacy, would inflict additional pain with-

out fortifying her mind, the dignified simplicity of which was neither felt nor understood, though the sweetness of her disposition could not but engage their affection.

Before she quitted London Mrs. Malden and her friend had the offer of a private box for the opera : they requested Eleonor to accompany them, and the request was enforced by Mr. Fairfax and his lady, though a slight cold prevented the latter from being of the party.

Eleonor was passionately fond of music : it soothed her feelings, and gave momentary relief to the settled gloom of her thoughts. The opera, it is true, brought painful associations to her mind, for she had often gone thither in company with Mrs. Grafton and Hargrave ; but she could not, with propriety, refuse Mrs. Malden's friendly invitation : she therefore complied with her wonted sweetness. Mr. Fairfax rode with the ladies to the opera-house, but he was particularly engaged till a late hour, and he promised to return with the chariot in time to take them

home. Mrs. Malden and her friend were fully taken up with admiring the decorations of the theatre, and the fashionable belles that graced the pit and boxes: they sat next each other. Being neither of them so enraptured with the vocal harmony of the Italians as they were charmed with the music of their own voices, they talked much more than they listened, leaving their young companion, as they supposed, to the enjoyment of her favorite amusement. Not wishing to be seen, Eleonor sat behind, and drew the silk curtain. About the middle of the first act, however, the principal female singer, who had only once appeared before an English audience, came on the scene. This new candidate for public favor was greeted on her entrance with bursts of rapturous applause, and Eleonor drew aside the curtain to look at the actress, whose countenance and figure were sufficiently striking to fix attention. While Miss Fairfax was thus engaged, the door of the adjoining box was opened to admit a lady and gentleman:

Eleonor involuntarily turned her head, and, before she could shrink back, with something like convulsive emotion she met the insulting gaze of Lady Hargrave, who was with the baronet. The amiable pair had but that day arrived in town from Bloomer-castle, so that such a rencounter was no less unexpected than it was unpleasant. The person of Sir Leoline was not known to Mrs. Malden. She had seen Lady Hargrave, it is true, but only in public, and not near enough to recognise her features; for though Mrs. Altamont, greatly in opposition to her ideas of propriety, had suffered Lady Clarissa to receive Miss Fairfax at her own house, neither herself nor her niece had extended the invitation to Mrs. Malden, nor had she allowed her ladyship to call on Eleonor, except in her company, to take that young lady in their carriage, from which they had not alighted. Fortunately neither Mrs. Malden nor her friend perceived the sudden agitation of Eleonor, who could with difficulty calm her trembling frame; but it was not un-

noticed by Lady Hargrave. This was too glorious an opportunity to triumph over their victim not to be eagerly seized by the baronet and his lady, who played into each other's hands; and the following dialogue was begun by the latter in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the suffering Eleonor, though it could not be overheard by her companions:—"My dear Leoline," said her ladyship, laying her hand on his arm, "my sweet *ci-devant* romantic friend—(you know who I mean—the city nonpareil, the bright star of Broad-street, that some months since twinkled, for a moment, in the higher constellation of fashion,—in short, the object of our mutual admiration, who has twice discarded me as unworthy of her exalted regard)—is in the next box; but she keeps in the back ground. I wish I had the courage to stand the shock of a sentimental explosion! but, much as I regret the loss of so amusing an acquaintance, I really dare not venture a third time to expose myself to wear the willow. She is so valuable an ac-

quisition to us common-place mortals, that we cannot but regret the loss of her society. You must own, Leoline, that she is incomparable. I never read of any heroine in romance that exceeded her in Arcadian simplicity."

"All who have the felicity to converse with your inimitable friend," said the baronet, "must wish that the golden age could be revived, and sigh for shady groves and purling streams."

"You know, my dear Leoline," continued her ladyship, "how much the earl my father was struck with her manners! They brought him back to the days of chivalry; in *her* presence he was more than usually eloquent on his favorite theme of knight-errantry; he almost fancied himself a *preux chevalier*, and, forgetting his age and his rank, was ready to fall on bended knee, and solicit the honor of being her knight."

"The earl has proved the *solidity* of his judgment and his *good taste* in more than

one instance," maliciously retorted the baronet. "As to his eloquence, it is almost as irresistible as your fair friend's simplicity : I never could see the one without thinking of the other. If it were not for the difference of their ages, they would make an admirable pair."

"They would, indeed ! You and I, my dear Leoline, would have to blush for our inferiority, and we should expire with envy at their exalted felicity ! How delightfully their tastes would sympathize ! While the earl in imagination entered the lists armed *cap-à-pè*, and challenged every combatant to acknowledge the superiority of her charms, my sweet friend would fancy herself a fair damsel held in thralldom by some tyrant potent and pitiless, till her true knight, mounted on "milk-white steed or palfrey grey," should traverse deserts, overcoming obstacles almost insurmountable,—arrive at the foot of the tower, from which she should wave her lily hand,—swear by her golden tresses to accomplish her deliverance, or pe-

rich,—and, after performing prodigies of valor, slay the fell giant, and bear her in triumph to his castle !”

“ She is, as you say, Clarissa, incomparable. Were I a writer of romance, I should not desire a more perfect model for my heroine. You cannot be more sensible of her rare endowments than I am.”

“ Really, my dear Leoline, I shall be jealous of the fair Arcadian : you forget that the honey-moon is scarcely over, and, though we are not in Arcadia, I am so unfashionable as to expect my husband to love me a little.”

“ A woman of sense need not fear to lose the affection of her lover, or the esteem of her husband,” said the baronet with exulting malignity: “ *her* expectations are rational, therefore they are not liable to be disappointed : she will not surfeit him with mawkish tenderness, or torment him with the jealous phantoms of a diseased imagination : her good sense will secure his esteem, while her playful wit will relieve his graver

hours, and keep that flame alive which childish imbecility would inevitably extinguish. But I need not expatiate on this theme to *you*, dear Clarissa ! our opinions perfectly coincide ; and there is no danger that *you* should fall into a mistake which is peculiar to the weaker part of your sex."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lady Hargrave ; "I am too happy in possessing your confidence and esteem to take the means to forfeit them. But we must not talk at the opera as if we were sitting at our social fireside : we must endeavor to forget that we are a most *unfashionable* pair, and *look* like our fashionable friends if we cannot *feel* like them. I positively, for the rest of the evening, will attend to every thing and every body but my husband."

"I shall find it difficult to follow your example, dear Clarissa," said the baronet, "for I see nothing so worthy of attention as yourself—the *nonparelia*, perhaps, excepted,—and *her* claims on the general attention, when she is once known, cannot be disputed.

But, though I fear I shall make an aukward *debüt* in the part of the *Careless Husband*, till we have quitted this hot-house of folly and fashion I will submit to your nice sense of propriety, and endeavor to act and look like other people."

Here the conversation ceased, and they were shortly after joined by some fashionable friends, with whom they entered into the chit-chat of the day. Sir Leoline and Lady Hargrave did not point their insidious shafts in vain; every word planted a dagger in the bosom of the suffering Eleonor; but the natural strength of her understanding would no longer suffer her to be the dupe of the excellence of her heart: the selfish hypocrite, the meanly-exulting coquette, were unmasked, and stood detected in all their malignity. Eleonor, however, being thoroughly roused to a sense of her superiority over persecutors so inveterate, and awakened from her blind infatuation, no longer shrunk from their scrutiny; she met their gaze with a firm eye, and her look bespoke more com-

passion and conscious dignity than contempt. The baronet and his lady were a little disconcerted at this unexpected self-possession; but, adding effrontery to insult, they bowed to Eleonor, who coldly returned the salutation, and during the remainder of the evening they had the prudence to refrain from further insulting a young lady, who (greatly as they had hoped to humble her) had made them, in their own despite, for a moment feel that she was their superior in dignity of mind, though she had no pretensions to dispute the palm of worldly cunning and unblushing effrontery. Just before the curtain dropped Mr. Fairfax came to rejoin his party, and in crossing the opera saloon he perceived Hargrave and his lady walking arm-in-arm. The indignation which the sight of Sir Leoline excited was no less strong than the pity which he felt for Eleonor, who, he justly conjectured, might have seen the well-assorted pair; but the command which she had acquired over her feelings prevented that young lady from betraying them on the

present occasion, and the kind uncle would not, when they were alone, enter on a subject which he knew must be painful to his niece. Eleonor was equally silent: she disdained to sink those who were already fallen still lower in the opinion of her honored relatives, nor did she wish to pain her friends by a knowledge of the cruel insult she had received. Beside, she dreaded a renewal of the plan which they had so reluctantly relinquished, should she make them acquainted with the revolution which had taken place in her mind concerning the baronet, for *that* had not changed the nature of her feelings toward Campbel, to whom she could not refuse her grateful esteem, but whom she was persuaded she could never love.

CHAP. XIX.

COULD Eleonor have heard the matrimonial dialogue that passed between Sir Leoline and Lady Hargrave on their return from the opera at their *social* fire-side, she would have thought that her wrongs were more than sufficiently revenged by the union of that well-matched pair. Her gentle spirit harbored no resentful passion; and, could she have made the destroyers of her peace good and happy, she would have buried the past in oblivion, and have cherished them as the friends of her bosom. We will follow Sir Leoline and his *dear* Clarissa to their splendid mansion, and see how far they are calculated to inspire *envy* in their domestic hours; but we must first stop to make a few preliminary observations.

Among the gay party that joined Hargrave, his friend Dashington (whose society, since his marriage, for obvious reasons, he had rather neglected than sought) was

the most conspicuous for easy assurance and fashionable notoriety. Those worthy gentlemen were thoroughly acquainted with each other : they had been daring marauders and jovial companions on the high road of depravity ; but, less honorable even than more notorious, though comparatively harmless disturbers of the public tranquillity, they had no faith in each other. The reader will probably remember a conversation that passed between Hargrave and Dashington soon after the barrister had become acquainted with the sapient earl of Follington and his flippant daughter ; he may also recollect that Sir Leoline parted from his fashionable friend in no very pleasant tone of mind. Though the barrister, when single, had never deemed the honor of husbands worthy of consideration whenever his licentious inclinations had come in contact with it, when he entered himself a member of that respectable body, his own honor became the object of his jealous and vigilant care. The society of unprincipled voluptuaries, when

unaccompanied by his lady, was not unwelcome to him at the houses of his fashionable friends ; but he no longer solicited their company at his own. Had he married the affectionate artless Eleonor, even *she* would not have enjoyed his confidence ; for the sensualist, who is chiefly acquainted with the worst part of the sex, imbibes an illiberal mistrust of women in general, and of his own wife in particular. How much less confidence could he repose in the volatile coquettish Lady Clarissa, who had married him more from ambition than love, whose vanity was insatiable, and whose mind he had proved to be as weak as her love of admiration was strong ! Such a wife would have roused the vigilance of a less suspicious husband : the baronet watched her actions narrowly, and from mistrust, not affection, was her constant attendant in public as well as at private assemblies ; and, to those who were unacquainted with his real sentiments and his former practice, he appeared a most complaisant and affectionate husband. He

did not, it is true, think it expedient to immediately drop the mask, and assume the stern authority of a tyrant with the indifference of the fashionable husband : he had solicited the interest of the earl and his friends to obtain him a place at court (of which, however, he was finally disappointed); and, though he could not at moments command his temper, he was too good an actor to greatly fail in the part he had assigned himself as long as he had his personal aggrandizement in view. The intrusion of Dashington (for such he considered his company at the opera) did not tend to soften the irritability which the dignified and unexpected self-possession of Eleonor had excited in the baronet ; and the complaisance with which Lady Hargrave had listened to those high-flown compliments, of which Dashington was prodigal to every female, kindled it to a flame that was only for a time suppressed by worldly prudence, to break out with the greater virulence.

“ So, Lady Hargrave,” said Sir Leoline,

when the servants had retired after supper, during which he had maintained a sullen silence, which was only broken by an occasional and pettish ‘psha!’ ‘leave me alone!’ and similar interjections of impatience to the flippant remarks of Lady Hargrave, whom the admiration of Dashington had put into excellent humor—“So, I find I am expected to be a sort of passive *cicisbeo*, to dangle at your side, play with your lap-dog, and complaisantly smile while every fool of fashion pays you the most fulsome compliments, and almost makes love to you before my face!”

“Bless me, Sir Leoline,” peevishly interrupted Lady Clarissa, “what can have put you again in one of your horrid humors? They are really insufferable.”

“Not so insufferable, Lady Hargrave, as your folly, and the impertinence of the fools around you.”

“My folly, indeed! you are vastly polite, upon my word! You vent your spleen upon me, because a silly girl, who is writhing with

envy, gave herself airs to conceal her mortification, and thought proper to affront you."

"That silly girl, Lady Hargrave, had she been my wife, would not have dared to have smiled on any man but her husband, nor would she have had the inclination; she was a romantic simpleton, I allow, but she was no coquette."

"Ask Sir Cecil Conway, whom the sweet simple Miss Fairfax tried by every art to fascinate, his opinion of the young lady, and you will find that Miss Simplicity was an arrant flirt. Beside, Sir Leoline," added her ladyship, haughtily, "the daughter of the Earl of Follington is not to be made a mere cipher in her own house; she did not marry to renounce the pleasures of the *beau monde*, or to have no will but that of her husband. Such tame submission, though it might have become Eleonor Fairfax, the niece of a citizen, cannot be expected from me: my birth and connexions entitle me to every indulgence."

“ Do not flatter yourself, Lady Hargrave, that I will suffer my wife to act with the levity of a flighty girl of fashion, though her friends have indulged her in every folly and caprice. My peace shall not be wantonly disturbed by an unprincipled fop, whose brains are as shallow as his soul is dishonorable. Mr. Dashington despises the whole sex, while he seeks to insnare every female who is fool enough to listen to him, and he is not admitted into any family where the husband has a due regard for his honor.”

“ Husbands, in general, are very disagreeable ridiculous sort of persons, Sir Leo-line; they lay down the law to their wives, who, nine times out of ten, suffer themselves to be ruled like babies; but I have been differently taught. I am not the fond fool you describe Miss Fairfax to have been. Mr. Dashington is, or was, your friend. I have heard you praise him frequently at the beginning of our acquaintance; and if you decry him now, it is only because he makes himself more agreeable than other people,

and that you are jealous of his fashionable acquirements."

"He shall not make himself agreeable in this house, Lady Hargrave," interrupted the baronet, rising, and angrily flinging his chair to a distance; "and I forbid your giving any further encouragement to his impertinent assiduities by your silly giggling and coquettish smiles."

"Sir Leoline," retorted Lady Hargrave in the tone of haughty defiance, "I scorn your suspicions; they are insulting to me and degrading to yourself; but they cannot move me, or answer your purpose. I shall not ask permission to converse or laugh with Mr. Dashington, or any other gentleman, whenever I feel so inclined, either in my own house or elsewhere. Perhaps, as your ingenuity is equal to your patriotism, should ministers be in want of a fresh loan, and the usual resources should fail, you will relieve their distress by suggesting a fine to be laid on laughter, and, after supporting the motion of the *premier* with an eloquent ora-

tion, should it be carried, in the fervor of your *patriotic* zeal (which will not be forgotten when a sinecure or a baronetcy is to be disposed of), you will inform against your wife, and denounce all your acquaintance. With Sir Christopher's rotten boroughs you took possession of his parliamentary renown, and your vote will have no less preponderance in the legislative scale."

"Your sneers, madam, are as impertinent as your insinuations are false. Every body knows that Sir Christopher was a mere cipher in the house, and his insignificance could only be exceeded by his presumption. My oratorical reputation soars beyond the reach of your malice; and as to my *patriotism*, could I lay an effective tax on woman's flippant loquacity, I should not only be entitled to the thanks of the legislature, but to the gratitude of generations to come. But this idle digression is nothing to the purpose. I shall take care, madam, that you do not give encouragement to fops and fools to torment me and degrade your-

self: your perverse spirit cannot conquer my firmness or break my heart; so I advise you, Lady Hargrave, at once to act like a woman of sense, and not oblige me to exert a husband's authority."

"You are a barbarous savage, Sir Leonline," interrupted his lady, breaking into a flood of angry tears; "and I am sure the earl will not exert his interest and that of his friends to forward your ambitious views, when he is told that you treat his daughter with insult and indignity. Though I cannot break your heart, I will disappoint your restless ambition, if you provoke me to it; so, beware!"

The baronet was brought to his recollection by this timely threat; he stifled his passion, changed his authoritative tone and air to the lawyer's insinuating address; and, approaching Lady Hargrave, took her hand, which she vainly attempted to withdraw.—
"I have been greatly to blame, dear Clarissa," said he; "but you must impute my injustice to the excess of my love. I am

racked with jealousy at the open and ardent admiration which your attractions excite. I am too passionately devoted to my wife to see she is the object of general admiration without being miserable, especially when she is addressed by unprincipled coxcombs, whose poisonous breath exhales ruin and dishonor. Dashington *was* my friend, it is true; but I discovered that he was a sad fellow, and I have consequently shunned his acquaintance: he can, as you say, make himself very agreeable; but I am sure, Clarissa, being warned of his arts, your own good sense will acquiesce in the propriety of avoiding him. I am occasionally irritable and unjust, but you know that it is my study to give you pleasure."

"And *you* know, Sir Leoline," said her ladyship, in a modified tone, being determined to turn her husband's politic self-possession to account, that I am dying to have a diamond feather like that of the foreign ambassador's lady."

"I will order it to-morrow, Clarissa;

but you must promise me to treat Dashington and such familiar fops with the *hauteur* becoming Lady Hargrave and the daughter of a British peer."

"Any thing you please, Sir Leoline, provided you keep your word, and do not suffer me to be outshone in splendor by a foreign upstart, whose father, it seems, was no better than a poor knight of Windsor till his excellency married her, and rebuilt his ruined fortunes."

A sneer of contempt, which, luckily, his lady did not perceive, stole across the features of the baronet; and Lady Hargrave, ringing for her woman, left Sir Leoline, who muttered curses against the levity of the sex, and vowed future and ample retaliation for the restraint he at present was forced to put on his tyrannical temper, and the feelings of contempt that were bursting from his lips at every sentence his vain and coquettish wife uttered. Yes, sweet Eleonor! thou art avenged; for thy unfeeling tormentors will prove a mutual torment to each

other ; and their hateful selfishness and deceit will ere long be fully exposed to the world, and consign them to merited odium and contempt."

Notwithstanding a matrimonial truce had been concluded between the amiable pair, the dreams of the baronet were not of the most pacific or pleasant nature. After passing a restless night, he rose with his brain teeming with duels, divorces, and other phantoms of a sickly imagination ; and an accidental meeting with Dashington did not disperse the gloomy visions, or render the restraint he imposed on his irritable feelings less galling and severe. When he had taken a comfortless breakfast alone in his study, Sir Leoline dressed, vented his ill humor on his valet, and went abroad to dissipate the gloom of his thoughts. He first lounged at his bookseller's ; turned over the leaves of the pamphlets, without understanding what he read ; then looked in at the coffee-house, asked for the newspapers, laid them down in disgust, and walked into

the Park to cool the ferment of his brain ; there he was soon accosted by Dashington with his usual familiarity. That gentleman had been piqued by Hargrave's avoidance ; but he pretty well divined the motive, and he was determined not to resent it, that he might turn the tables on the baronet, and pay him in his own coin.

“ Good morrow, Hargrave,” said his fashionable friend, seizing him by the arm ; “ I am glad I have met with you : you appeared out of spirits last night, and you make yourself quite a stranger to your friends. I thought how it would be ! A pretty woman will set aside the best resolutions ; and nobody, it must be acknowledged, can arraign your taste in the choice of a wife ; Lady Hargrave is devilish handsome ! Upon my soul, I never beheld a finer form, or a more captivating countenance ! You will be the envy of all your married acquaintance.”

“ Psha ! I do not covet their envy. You cannot suppose, Bob, I was fool enough to

marry Lady Clarissa for her baby face, or that I am such an ass as to be fond of her person? She might have been as ugly as a beldame for any thing I cared; her rank and connexions were the only objects worthy of consideration, and with those I am satisfied."

"Nay, we would excuse your loving so fine a woman even a few weeks beyond the honey-moon; after that you may resign the charge to your friends, and give yourself no further trouble."

"I shall always take the trouble," added Sir Leoline, in the tone of half-defiance, "to secure my own honor, Bob, and to prevent my wife's folly from making me miserable."

"Lady Hargrave has a charming flow of spirits, and her repartees are really Attic," continued Dashington, not appearing to notice the baronet's cavalier tone; "I was quite struck with their brilliancy."

"You mean to say, Bob, that her volatile spirits run away with the little understanding she has, and that her volubility is

mistaken by her and the fools who admire her for sterling wit."

"Come, come, Hargrave, this won't take; we know each other before to-day! You are jealous of your wife, and ashamed of appearing so. It is now excusable; six months hence it would be cursed ridiculous. You shun all your old friends, and me among the rest; but I am not so easily to be shaken off. We have spent many pleasant hours together; you are an honest fellow in the main; and I can make allowance for a weakness very natural in your case. You have run the gauntlet of fashionable intrigue with more than tolerable success, and you know the sex too well to trust them; but, 'pon honor, Hargrave, you may trust *me*. We were never told that Beelzebub betrayed Satan."

"Happily for the grim monarch, a wife was not given him to aggravate his infernal torments, or they could not have remained friends and allies."

"Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps not, for many

an amicable treaty has been set aside by some female Machiavelli ; though I doubt if even the most artful of the sex could outwit either the cloven-footed gentleman or a lawyer, if he were gifted with your professional talents and instinctive penetration. But, seriously speaking, Sir Leoline, your friends begin to complain that you have quite deserted them."

" Really, Bob, my time is monopolized by my numerous avocations. I have been out of town, am but just arrived from Bloomer-castle, and my friends cannot reasonably take offence at my not seeing them so often as I did formerly."

" Oh, no—they make every allowance for the unexpected acquisition of a title, to which thirty thousand a year is annexed, with boroughs, castles, and all the honors of matrimony. They can readily conceive that when the barrister stepped into the estate of the baronet he became a new man, and they know the world too well to quarrel with Sir Leoline for conduct which could be justified by the professional ingenuity of

Mr. Hargrave. As a proof that I am no less liberal, I invite myself to dine with you to-day."

"I should be very happy to have your company," said Hargrave, coldly; "but I am unluckily engaged every day this week till Sunday, when I am obliged to go into Kent, where I may be detained for a fortnight or three weeks."

"But Lady Hargrave does not, I suppose, intend to shut her doors against your friends in your absence—unless, indeed, you give orders to the porter not to admit them; but that is out of the question. I know you would not let her be denied to me, and I shall certainly call and pay my respects to her ladyship."

"She goes with me: the fool is fond, and, if I did not humor her a little at first, her booby relations, and the still greater booby her father, would drive me beyond all bounds of patience, and force me to quarrel with them before—"

"It became your interest to do so—hey,

baronet? That would be cursed impertinent on their parts, it must be owned; but I am glad to find that the lawyer has not, with the wig and gown, cast away that calculating prudence which, being joined to a fluent speech, a plausible manner, and a plotting brain, raises its possessor, step by step, from the bench to the woolsack. I always did justice to your pre-eminent talents, and I cannot help regretting that they should be confined to the management of a wife, and bound within the magic circle of her charms."

" Ridiculous! You ought to know, Dashington, that I am no dotard; but, talking of beauty," continued Sir Leoline, wishing to turn the conversation into a different channel, " did not you see a lovely young creature in the next box to us last night?"

" What, in the blue mantle, with two elderly ladies?"

" The very same;—fine figure,—beautiful complexion,—blue eyes, and light hair."

" The girl might shine in a village.

church, or at a country assembly, but she was too insignificant by the side of Lady Hargrave to be noticed a second time ; not only she, but every other *belle*, was eclipsed by her ladyship. Every young fellow pointed his opera-glass at your box : a beautiful woman is a magnet of attraction that does not lose its power even in a husband's awful presence. We have often laughed in concert at the expense of husbands (jealous ones in particular) in the halcyon days of your freedom, but it would be unfair to expect you to join in the laugh against a respectable corps of which you are as respectable a volunteer. I wish you joy from my soul ! When you return from the country I shall do myself the pleasure to pay my respects to Lady Hargrave at her own house ; and your friends, no doubt, will come *en masse* to congratulate you, and to witness your domestic felicity. Should you have an occasional attack of the vapours amid the calm delights of matrimonial love, like a captured hero, rattle your gilded chains,

ruminate on the glorious feats you have formerly achieved, and anticipate the honors that may yet be in store for you. Good morning!"

We will leave Sir Leoline to brood over the agreeable images his fashionable friend had maliciously revived, and vow mortal vengeance against the unprincipled voluptuary who should attempt (as he had not scrupled to do before he had his own honor to guard) to elude a husband's vigilance, and bring dishonor on his name. His suspicions are well founded, and his disquietude is merited : let him, Argus like, watch over a wife he can neither esteem nor love; while her levity and his own fears make him miserable : we will return to Campbel, whom we left at Hamburgh, indignant at the ineffectual struggles he had made to conquer the weakness of his heart, and determined to resign all hope of obtaining the affections of her whom it had so long and so fondly cherished.

CHAP. XX.

HAVING finally settled the affairs of Mr. Job Gilson, Campbel set out on his intended tour, and wrote to prepare Baron Ehrenheim for his long-promised visit. In despite of the energetic efforts he made to banish the image of Eleonor from his mind, it still haunted his fancy in the most touching and attractive form ; but he would not, after the frank confession Miss Fairfax had made, suffer himself to indulge hopes which he deemed equally fallacious and dishonorable ; and he was stimulated by every generous motive to subdue a passion which would not only injure his own peace but that of its object.

He did not, like a despairing Corydon, call upon death to relieve his woes, or vow, for her dear sake, to renounce the whole sex ; but the disappointment his sanguine hopes had met was too bitter not to be severely felt ; and, though he made no rash

vows of eternal constancy to an object who had rejected him, he could not persuade himself that his heart would a second time be taken by surprise, or that love would again prove too strong for the mastery of reason and philosophy.

Wishing to travel leisurely, Campbel purchased an English travelling carriage, and, accompanied by a foreign domestic, proceeded to Leipsick, celebrated for its university and fair of books, where he proposed to remain for a fortnight, having letters of recommendation to some of the principal families. His journey was safe, and, before he had proceeded half-way, its *tedium* was agreeably relieved by the addition of a travelling companion, to whom accident, and his social disposition and habits, introduced him. It was at an inn at which he stopped to dine, the second day of his journey, that Campbel met with this welcome acquisition. Understanding from the landlord that a gentleman, on his road to Leipsick, was detained

much against his inclination till the next day, for the want of a conveyance, Archibald sent a polite message by him, requesting the stranger's company to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and the host introduced the traveller, whose appearance was highly prepossessing. He was about five-and-twenty, and small of stature, though his figure was good : his countenance was strikingly expressive, but he wore his right arm in a sling.

After mutual salutations had been interchanged, Campbel apologized for the liberty he took in soliciting the stranger's company, and offered him a seat in his carriage. The unaffected cordiality of Campbel's manner immediately put the stranger at his ease : the offer was thankfully accepted, and they sat down to dinner. Campbel was frank and conversant ; the stranger, who was a native of France, had all the animation and amiability of his countrymen ; his language was flowing and impressive, and his coun-

tenance, as ingenuous as it was intelligent, spoke a language no less eloquent. One short hour laid the foundation of a mutual and solid friendship : when the young men proceeded on their journey, they were equally gratified by the arrangement they had made.

They entered into moral and metaphysical disquisitions, in which the stranger displayed a justness of thought and an acuteness of penetration that increased the favorable opinion Campbel had formed of his companion. From metaphysics they reverted to politics, which naturally led to the discussion of that revolution which had excited the astonishment of Europe. The stranger spoke of that memorable epocha with an eloquence and candor that excited strong interest in his auditor, and the desire Campbel felt to become more intimately acquainted with him was no less eager. Before they reached Leipsick, their mutual liking had so much increased, that the stranger was prevailed upon to give a brief history of his short but eventful life, and a slight sketch of

events in which he had acted no contemptible part. I shall give it in his own words :—

The Stranger's Narrative.

MY name is Alexander Lemaire, and I am a native of Paris, where my father had acquired a moderate fortune in trade. He married late in life, had no child but me, and, soon after my birth, retired from business to reside in one of the villages adjacent to the metropolis. My father had travelled in his youth, and had profited by his travels; his understanding was good, his ideas were liberal, and his moral integrity was no less inflexible. As a citizen and a trader, by his disinterested benevolence and fair dealing he had acquired an honorable name, and the respect of his fellow-citizens, and no son was ever blessed with a more judicious and affectionate parent! He gave the example of every virtue, and schooled my infant mind in fortitude and manly energy. Volumes could not contain the invaluable lessons of

temperance, rectitude, and enlightened philanthropy, which I daily received from the best of fathers!—Of my mother I can recollect but little: she died when I was scarcely five years old; but her memory was fondly cherished by her husband, who never could prevail on himself to give her a successor. My boyish days were unclouded by sickness or affliction: in my father I had the most tender and indulgent of friends. He gave me an excellent education, and, wishing to procure me an honorable rank in society, he fixed on commerce as a profession equally useful and respectable.

Having experienced the advantages of visiting foreign countries, making himself acquainted with their customs, and mixing with their citizens, and being desirous to open a wide sphere of mercantile connexion for me, he sacrificed his parental fondness to my future benefit, and sent me with a friend to Germany, at the age of fifteen. This friend placed me in the house of Mr. Harlieb, a merchant of Lubeck, who

had been strongly recommended to him, and whose integrity, liberal dealing, and knowledge of mercantile affairs, made the connexion desirable.

With this gentleman I was to remain seven years ; I only, however, remained six with the worthy merchant. My feelings were too deeply roused by the extraordinary complexion of the times to allow me to sit contentedly plodding over profit and loss, accounts current, bills of lading, and such dull but necessary branches of mercantile knowledge. How often I threw aside the ledger in disgust, to forget all worldly affairs in the study of my favorite Greeks and Romans ; and fed youthful enthusiasm with the patriotic eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes ! How my bosom glowed when history recorded the generous self-devotion of a Codrus or a Regulus ; the disinterested integrity of the just Aristides, so consonant to the principles I had imbibed from the parent I loved and revered ; the self-command and temperance of the gallant Scipio ; the forti-

tude of the wise Socrates; the unshaken patriotism of the Gracchi, not to mention Cato, Brutus, and other illustrious patriots, whose names have outlived the wreck of ages!—But if those names, dear to posterity, kindled admiration, reverence, and youthful enthusiasm, with what abhorrence and disgust my eye met those of a Dionysius, a Catiline, a Sylla, a Nero, and other tyrants still more detestable, whose crimes will ever blacken the historic page! What odium, what contempt, did not the venal parasites and sanguinary satellites of these tyrants create! To have sunk their names in oblivion, and swept away every record of their pernicious existence and corruption, would have made my soul exult. From my honored father I had learned to love my species as the masterly work of an all-beneficent and wise Creator, and to believe in the native excellence of the human heart. Imbued with these feelings, every record in history that for the moment threatened to stagger my faith in

the virtue of man was perused with a sensation of severe pain, not to say incredulity.

I frequently wiled my graver studies, when I first went to Germany, with the innocent smiles of a little cherub, the only child of Mr. Harlieb. The playful Agnes would often climb on my knee, prattle of her favorite sports, and teach me German songs, which she warbled with the sweetness of a nightingale : she would dance while I played on the flute, and insist on my tasting her *bon bons* whenever she had paid a visit to the confectioner with her *bonne*. But the early loss of her mother obliged the anxious father to place her with a relation, who took a limited number of young ladies to educate, at some distance from Lubeck ; and, to prevent the inconvenience of her visiting home till she came to take the management of her father's house, my little favorite was frequently visited by Mr. Harlieb.

It was toward the close of the sixth year

of my residence with Mr. Harlieb, that the French began to shake off the fetters of despotism, and invited their monarch to become the father of his people. The surrounding nations were filled with admiration ; and all Europe resounded with the heroic virtues of the French. Every bosom glowed with sympathy, and every patriot heart was fired with emulative zeal in the cause of freedom. The glorious days of Rome seemed to be surpassed ; for, at that period, the flame of patriotism was purified by the god-like breath of humanity. I panted to become an actor in the soul-intoxicating scene : for some time, however, I confined the wish to my own breast ; but it daily acquired new strength, and rendered the attention I was forced to pay to commerce more irksome. I was little more than one-and-twenty ; my temper was enthusiastic and sanguine, and my imagination was ardent. Forbearance at length became insupportable, and I wrote to entreat my father would shorten the term

of my exile (for such I now considered my absence from home), and allow me to return to France. That honored father, who was acquainted with the rash impetuosity of my character, being gifted with the foresight of prudence, trembled for my future safety; and, though he secretly sympathized in my feelings, he refused my request, and forbade me to think of returning. This prohibition, however, did not cool the ardor of my zeal; it had the contrary effect. I re-urged my petition, but it met with a more peremptory, though an affectionate, denial. Still a beloved father's supposed disapprobation could not subdue the darling passion of my soul. I opened my heart to Mr. Harlieb, by whom I had been treated with uniform kindness, and who had conceived a strong regard for me.

After lamenting the pertinacity with which my father resisted my urgent entreaties, and expressing a grateful sense of Mr. Harlieb's liberal treatment, I informed that gentleman it was my intention to return to France, notwithstanding the prohibition I had

received; and added, that I relied on his kindness not to oppose a step which no opposition could prevent me from taking. "I cannot," said I, "remain inactive in a foreign land, while mine is the theatre of heroic virtue: sucking infants infuse the love of freedom at the mother's breast; even the weaker sex and decrepit age take part in the grand work of humanity. Existence would become a burden if I did not fulfil the duties of a good patriot. Let me but live hereafter in the esteem of my fellow-citizens, and I will be content to be cut off in the full enjoyment of youthful vigor and energy when I shall have acquired a claim to their gratitude and regret! But no personal consideration shall tempt me to drag on a monotonous and comparatively useless existence; when I die, to be registered only in the parish church, or monthly bills of mortality. Timid Prudence may throw ice on the flame of patriotism; but, like oil, it only makes it burn more fierce. The career of honor lies before me, and not even the

injunctions of a revered father shall prevent me from following the glorious track ! His judgment, I am sure, - must approve that zealous love of my country, which his precepts and example have implanted in my breast, though his affection urges him to oppose it. From you, dear sir, who cannot be thus strongly biassed, I expect a more favorable verdict; and it will add to the obligations I already owe you, which I can never forget ! You love my countrymen ; you can appreciate their virtues. Yes, if I may trust the prophetic yearnings of my soul, France will present a bright example to future ages, brighter even than those which Greece and Rome have transmitted to admiring posterity ; and the name of Lemaire will not be consigned unknown and unhonored to oblivion."

This rhapsody (for the event, alas ! has proved that it was a vision only to be realized when man shall have attained that wisdom which must be the slow and progressive work of time) excited a smile, though my ardor did not displease the worthy merchant. In common with that of most

liberal-minded men, his interest had been strongly excited by the manly and hitherto temperate struggles which a generous high-minded people were making to emancipate themselves from the abject slavery of ages. Mr. Harlieb, however, to whom my father had written on the subject, thought it his duty at first to repress his sympathy, and to enforce, by every rational argument, the wishes of my father, whom he exhorted me to obey. Finding, however, my determination was not to be shaken, and judging, from his knowledge of my enthusiastic temper, that further opposition would only urge me to open defiance or clandestine flight, he yielded to my entreaties, and gave me a letter for my father, in which he explained the motives of his conduct, and framed excuses for my disobedience.

By this judicious indulgence Mr. Harlieb acquired a fresh claim to my gratitude and esteem : my mind, however, was too wrapped in the anticipation of those scenes, in which I hoped to take a conspicuous part, to feel

that regret it otherwise would have cherished at quitting the worthy merchant. But it cost me something like a momentary pang to part from the youthful Agnes, whom I had loved as a most engaging child, and who was just come home from school, a blooming girl of fifteen ; yet, till the moment of our separation, I had not been conscious of feeling more than a brother's affection for the play-fellow of my boyish days. I had not till then, indeed, had an opportunity of appreciating the strength of her understanding, so far beyond her years, the elevation of her sentiments, or the artless sensibility of her soul. The tear that started in her soft blue eyes, and the blushes that crimsoned her cheek, seemed to reproach me with having been hitherto insensible to winning innocence and beauty ; but the sympathy with which she listened to my enthusiastic sallies, and the zeal with which she entered into a cause, in which every generous spirit panted to engage, fixed her irrevocably in my affections. Respect sealed my lips, but from that moment my heart selected

Agnes Harlieb as the future arbitress of my destiny, and she became the object to whom I secretly vowed every tender sigh, every lofty wish, should hereafter be devoted. My countenance betrayed my feelings to the pleased father, though they were not read by the unconscious Agnes. At parting, he pressed me to his heart, and said, "Alexander, your country claims your personal services, but my heart assures me that we shall meet again ! Pursue your noble career, and bear with you my affectionate admiration, and heartfelt wishes for your happiness. For the sake of your honored father, and the friend who takes, I may say, a paternal interest in your welfare, let your enthusiasm be tempered with prudence, and your courage with discretion. Cool deliberation will accomplish that which rash impetuosity cannot achieve, and mental fortitude is a more beneficial quality than personal courage. Farewell, dear Alexander ! I need not urge you to remember those friends who will always think of you with anxious

affection, for I am no stranger to the excellence of your heart, and the stability of your attachments. By the best of fathers you have been taught the best of principles : had I been blessed with a son, he would scarcely have been more dear to me than you are. Go, my cherished young friend, fulfil the high promise of your youth, and live to be the pride and consolation of your father. Should you lose that honored father by any unforeseen accident, should your happiness receive so overwhelming a blow, recollect you have a friend whose arms will always be open to receive you, and whose heart will sympathize in every filial pang ! But long may it be ere you need that consolation which friendship alone could impart ! I hope, on some future, though distant day, to witness your mutual happiness ; and, in person, to assure Monsieur Lemaire of my heartfelt respect.”

I was not a little gratified at receiving so flattering a testimony of regard from the father of my Agnes, (for *mine*, my sanguine

hopes whispered, she would be,) and by the esteem which he expressed for my father, though the melancholy image he had conjured up made my heart sink within me; but I was too sanguine of temper to dwell on imaginary misfortunes: momentary anguish was succeeded by the glowing emanations of hope. I returned the embrace of Mr. Harlieb with fervor; but when, with her father's permission, my lips touched the blushing cheek of my Agnes, they involuntarily trembled, and were chilled by that timidity which is inseparable from true love.

END OF VOL. III.

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